

Beauty in blue . . . ELSDON, a waist-hugging cashmere with the button decorated collar creating a new and becoming neckline





We chose this in Paris . . .

Superbly swathed dress in black rayon jersey. The covered-up front neckline dips to the deep 'V' of a cross-over at the back, where the soft folds are caught into the waistline with a satin bow. available at Debenhams late in September.

the Debenham touch

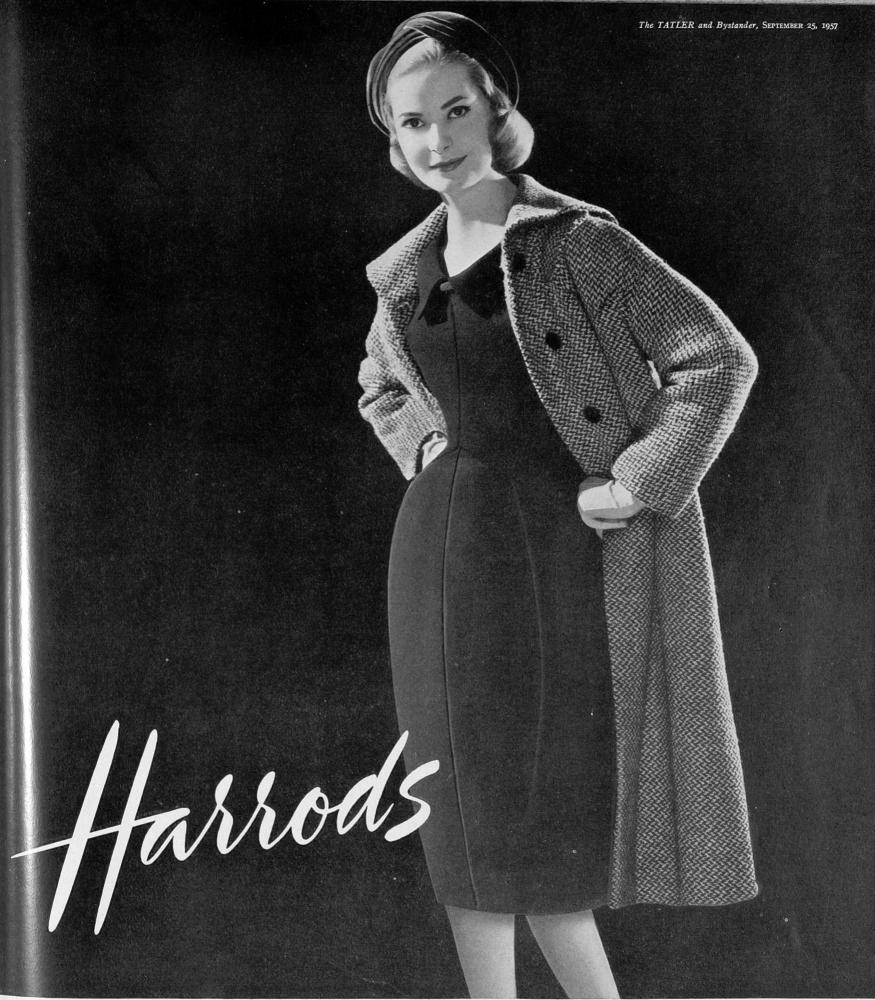
by PIERRE BALMAIN—photographed at the Musée Galliera.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY Wigmore Street W1: LANgham 4444

I. Viller is a ladies man

Long and lean! The Skeleton pump,
elegant shape translated
last in midnight black or diamond

I. Miller's newest and most on the Rosepoint white satin. $7\frac{1}{2}$ gns.



Autumn go-togethers with a French flavour . . . the dress in black wool . . . the coat in black and white tweed or plain-toned velour, sizes 9-15. Chosen from the new collection in the Heim and Rivière Room at Harrods of Knightsbridge.

Not mink, not beaver

I oft: Sapphive-grey or honey, the newest fautasies for mink, marvellously reproduced in mylon for this soft, sumptuous wrap coat, light and just as warm as the natural fur. Price about 24 guiness.

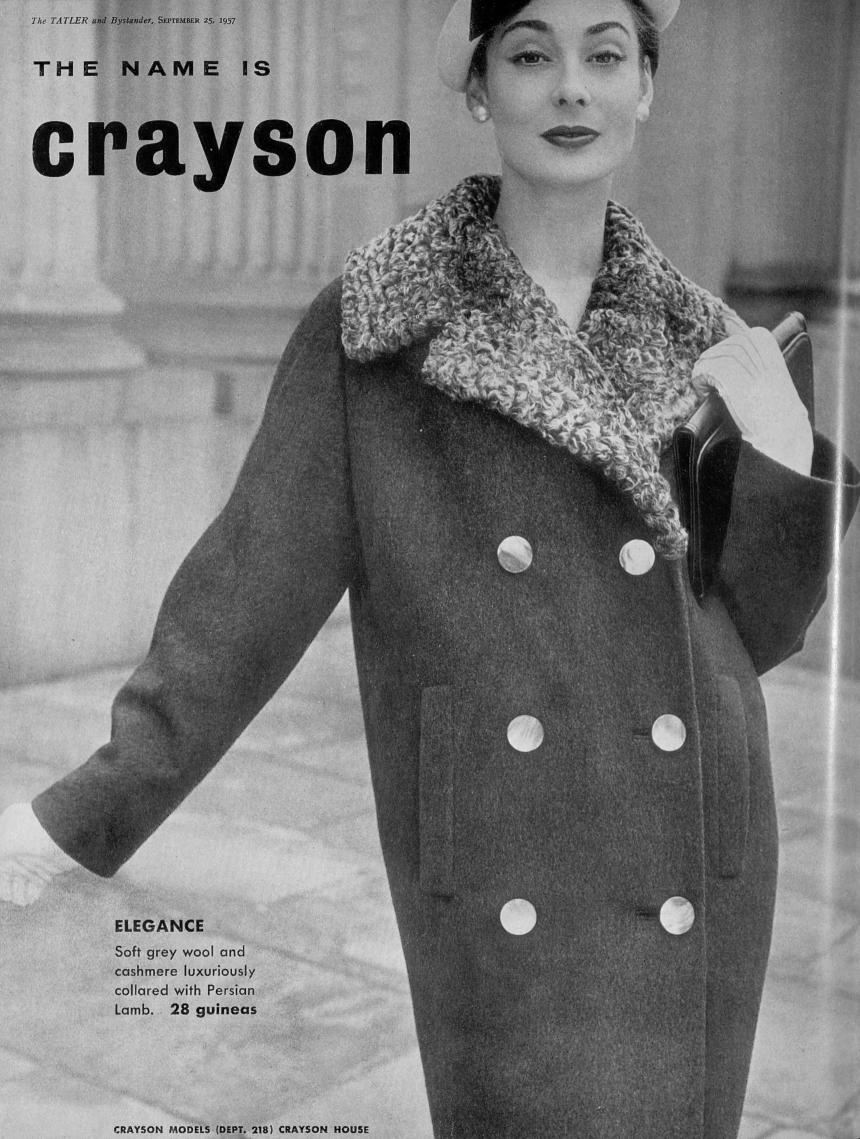
Right: blonde English beauty for travel and motoring, with huge muff cuffs, in Dynel, a fur fabric with a deep softness and honeyed sheen never before equalled.

Also in brown or black. Price about 25 guiness.

Both coats furrier made!

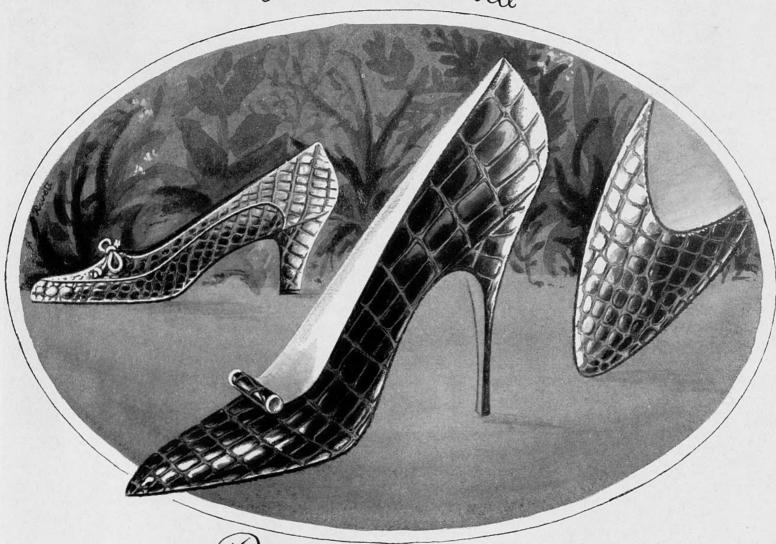
BICKLES







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New "Fan-Top" girdle with "petal action" control gives you a smoother, molded midriff! The waist-band opens like the petals of a flower . . . expands for easy dressing—then closes firmly for comfortable control. White, Apple-Blossom, Black. Available in small, medium and large. Price: 55/-

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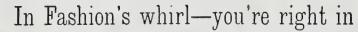


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ASTORIA

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edma th





FASHIONS

THE JAUNTY SUIT with the gay nautical air shown on our cover is by Crayson. It is made in navy blue facecloth and has a narrow straight skirt and box jacket with half-belted back and bright red fleecy lining. The buttons are shining gilt, and it costs approximately 17½ guineas at Paige, New Bond Street, and branches; and Morrisons, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. Gloves by Pittard; hat by Condor. Drawn by Degil

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 25 to October 2

Sept. 25 (Wed.) Autumn Shire Horse Show, Derby. Wagner Season opens with Das Rheingold at Covent Garden.

Amateur Athletic Association Floodlit International Meeting; England v. Poland, at the White City. Racing: Pontefract. Steeplechasing, Plumpton, Ludlow, Perth Hunt.

Sept. 26 (Thu.) Second Perth Hunt Ball. Racing: Ascot Heath, Pontefract. Steeplechasing, Ludlow, Perth.

Sept. 27 (Fri.) Mozart Concert at the Royal Festival Hall 8 p.m. by the London Symphony Orchestra.

Conductor Josep Krips, soloist Myra Hess.
St. John Ambulance Brigade Ball, Imperial Hotel, Torquay.
Dances: Mr. and Mrs. Rodney de M. Leathes, for Miss Elizabeth Leathes, in London. Mrs. Morton Fisher for Miss Rosita Fisher, at Chisenbury Priory, Enford, Wilts. Racing: Ascot Heath. 'Chasing, Newton Abbot.

Sept. 28 (Sat.) Dance: Mrs. Geoffrey Pugh small dance for Miss Dinah Pugh, at Temple Guiting House, near Cheltenham.

One Day Horse Trials, Wellesbourne, Warwickshire. Motor Racing: B.A.R.C. National Meeting, Goodwood. International Motor-cycle meeting, Aintree. Racing: Ascot Heath, Thirsk. Steeplechasing, Hereford, Hexham, Newton Abbot.

Sept. 29 (Sun.) Mozart Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 p.m. London Symphony Orchestra. Soloist Friedrich Gulda.

Sept. 30 (Mon.) Trout fishing ends in England and Wales.

Exhibitions: Brewers and Allied Traders, Olympia (to Oct. 4). Shoe and Leather Fair, Olympia (to Oct. 4). National Fabric Fair, Royal Albert Hall (to Oct. 4).

Bloodstock sales. Newmarket (to Oct. 3). Racing: Birmingham. Steeplechasing, Hexham,

Oct. 1 (Tue.) National Gaelic Mod, Inverness. Installation of the Master Cutler, Sheffield.

Golf: Ryder Cup match, Gt. Britain v. U.S.A., Lindrick, Yorks.

Pheasant shooting begins.

Dance: Mrs. Richard Hanbury, Mrs. Arthur Procter and Mrs. Donald Smith for their daughters Miss Lucinda Hanbury, Miss Susan Procter and Miss Caralyn Smith, in London. Procter and Miss Carolyn Smith, in London.

Racing: Newmarket. Mozart Concert by London Symphony Orchestra at Royal Festival Hall 8 p.m. Soloist Yehudi

Oct. 2 (Wed.) Norwich Trades Fair (to 12th). English Jersey Cattle Soc. Autumn Show and Sale,

Reading (and 3rd).
Golf: Ryder Cup
match, Gt. Britain v. U.S.A., Lindrick, Yorks.

Lacrosse: West of Scotland v. U.S Touring Team (Ladies), Edinburgh. Racing: Newmarket, Haydock Park.



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BY APPOINTMENT

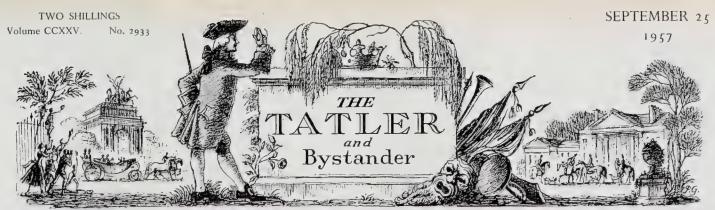
TO HER MAIESTY

It's a coat for the dry. And a coat for the wet. When the weather's benign it's proud to be seen with its tweed facing out—a topcoat of note. At the first sign of rain. turn it inside out. It's a double-proofed cotton gabardine raincoat cosily lined with tweed. The Burberry Reversible in many, many colours, is two coats in one for 18 guineas.

Take a look, too, at the suits, separates, twinsets and cardigans. They're all on the first floor at Burberrys.

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Betty Swaebe

A débutante from East Anglia

MISS PAMELA STRICKLAND SKAILES, one of the year's most attractive debutantes, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Strickland Skailes, of Lea Hall, Hatfield Heath, near

Bishop's Stortford. Miss Skailes, who had a very happy and successful coming out dance at Claridge's in July, finished her education in Paris. She is very keen on outdoor sports

THE HAREWOOD HORSE TRIALS

CONNOISSEURS of horse riding stamina and performance travelled in large numbers to Yorkshire for the Three Day Trials at Harewood House, home of the Princess Royal. At this event, which yearly grows more authoritative as regards equitation form in these islands, they saw an Irishman, Mr. Ian H. Dudgeon, carry off the chief prize in the face of powerful competition. Weather favoured the trials, for though the second day was very wet, the other two could not have been improved upon



Mr. Ian Dudgeon, on Charleville, shows the winner's jumping capacity



Miss S. Wood, Lady Clarissa Duncombe, the Countess of Faversham



Mrs. W. L. Caley and her daughters, Sallie and Dorothy, were spectators



Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, who was one of the judges, the Dowager Viscountess Boyne, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles, and her brother-in-law, the Earl of Harewood





The Princess Royal with Mr. N. IV. Gardiner



 $\textit{Throw} \ \textit{zh the reeds come Miss G. M. Morrison on Just William \ to \ take \ the \ jump \ into \ the \ lake. \ Harewood \ House \ is \ in \ the \ background$



Miss Elizabeth Lyon-Smith and Miss Kirstie Sellars .



Mr. Derek Allhusen with the Hon. Mrs. Derek Allhusen



Lady Brooksbank with her husband's hunter Peko



Mr. Christopher Jackson and Mr. W. H. Wellburn, judges

STUDENT IN HAMPSTEAD

ANNE CORBETT, who was born in 1953, is the younger daughter of the Hon. Arthur Corbett and Mrs. Corbett. With her parents and brother and sisters, she lives in Hampstead. Her grandparents are Lord and Lady Rowallan



Social Journal

Heather Crauturd

HOLIDAY SCENE ON THE RIVIERA

ANA MARGARITA BIANCHI is the fiveyear-old daughter of M, and Mme. Manuel Bianchi. Her father was the Chilean Ambassador to this country from 1941 to 1953

at the Hotel du Cap, one of the most gracious hotels along this lovely coast, which has been quietly and successfully run by Mr. Antoine Sella, and his father before him, for over fifty years. I was interested to hear that his charming daughter Yolande, who finished her education at Cygnets House in London a couple of years ago, was married last autumn to Dr. Henri Blazeix, a brilliant X-ray doctor, and they now make their home in Nice.

The Hotel du Cap is always a favourite haunt of film stars and among those who have been staying there this year are Gary Cooper, the lovely Michele Morgan and Dorothy Dandridge. Mr. Reseisini, who I was told controls Cinerama all over the world, was also here with his wife and young daughter. Among the large number of well-known Americans who have been enjoying this blissful spot are Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hirsholm, who have now bought a villa nearby as he hopes to be able to spend perhaps six months of the year down here. Mr. Hirsholm has great uranium mining interests. Mr. Charles Wrightsman. President of Standard Oil of Kansas, and his wife were staying at the Hotel du Cap for the eleventh year running, and arrived in their private plane from Nairobi and the Transvaal Mr. John Kennedy, whose father was U.S. Ambassador in London in 1937-40, and Mrs Kennedy were down at their cabana each day.

Most visitors spend the day bathing and sunbathing in a private cabana on the point, or down at Eden Roc, which is at the bottom of the lovely hotel garden. Here there is a swimming pool to bathe in as well as the sea, and the restaurant for lunching is right over

Among English friends I saw lunching and bathing here were Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist. over from Cannes to join Sir Gordon and Lady Vereker who have a lovely villa at Valbonne and a cabana at the Cap. Sir John and Lady Priscilla Aird and their three children who came ashore from their yacht were also in the party. I met Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Egan and their delightful young family of four who had also come over from a nearby villa to bathe here. Mrs. Antony Norman had come down from her lovely Garoupe villa, Les Tourelles, with her nephew Mr. Torquil Norman (who rowed in the victorious Cambridge eight this year and was off a week later to New York to start working with a banking firm), to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee who were staying at the Hotel du Cap, as were Major W. H. Mackenzie and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger with their son John, who had Mrs. Margery Grimmins from New York with them. Also Mr. and Mrs. Terence Morison-Scott who come down each summer, as his mother lives in Monaco. Most visitors, after spending

Jennifer

their day at the Cap, choose to dine in one of the many excellent and attractive restaurants in the district. These include the Bon Auberge. Le Vielle Moulin, and the Logie de Loup, run by a former French golf champion and where the food was better than ever this year. These are all between Antibes and Nice. Then there is the picturesque Colombe d'Or high up at St. Paul where I have also lunched under the orange trees in February, and the equally picturesque La Piol, also high up in the village of La Piol. There is the much smaller Foie Gras in Cannes which has only about twenty-five couverts, but super food and good service. The famous Château de Madrid with its wonderful view over the bay at Villefranche still remains perhaps the most enchanting spot to dine on a wonderful summer's evening.

Lady Norman, a great character who one might rightly describe as the doyen of La Garoupe was spending the summer on her lovely estate there. Others in villas at La Garoupe were Sir Edward and Lady Hulton, and Col. and Mrs. Darley Bridge. Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, who sold his lovely villa on the sea near Antibes, spent some of the time on his yacht this Summer, and with Lady Orr-Lewis at their house in the country. Mr. and Mrs. David Niven have been in a villa near St. Tropez while he has been making a film in that part of the world, and Sir Adrian Jarvis has been nearby at Roches Fleuries with a party

of friends.

SIR WINSTON and Lady Churchill waited until September, one of the nicest months out here to stay at Lord Beaverbrooks' villa at Cap d'Ail. (I saw Sir Winston in the Summer Sporting Club at Monte Carlo one evening.) Viscount Harmsworth was enjoying September at his villa near Monte Carlo. The Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry and their children came down to Cagnes early in September, while Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell were just returning to London after a very restful holiday at La Napoule. I popped in to see Mrs. Kathleen Lumley at the enchanting villa her brother Mr. Edward Molyneux (who I also met there) has given her on his estate at Biot. This is set in the centre of a flower farm which grows acres of carnations and tulips; when I arrived in the cool of the evening the gardeners were busy cutting dozen of magnificent carnations for the market next morning. Part of the villa, which was originally an old farmhouse, dates back to the sixteenth century. Mr. Molyneux, who is still so sadly missed in London by so many well-dressed women who relied on his cleverly designed, beautifully made and never-dating clothes, has modernized and built on to the villa for his sister. For himself, he has built a beautifully designed summer house further in the estate. He spends the winter at his home in Jamaica.

Before I flew home I went on to Monte Carlo, which was beginning to quieten down after a very gay season which everyone I met who had been there, told me had been the greatest fun. Among the late visitors I met were Lord and Lady Evans who are great devotees of Monte Carlo, and their attractive daughter the Hon. Jean Evans, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell who were having a quiet ten days and plenty of sunshine at the Old Beach Hotel: Mr. Blackwell was already looking much better from his very severe attack of a virulent type of flu. Also there were Sir Eric Miéville, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott and their son Ian who was water ski-ing each day, Mr. and Mrs. Camillo Holm, Mr. and Mrs. Wachman over from Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Studley Herbert having an aperitif with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Miss Elizabeth Heald looking very pretty and staying with relations, and Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler who were busy packing up their yacht Sylvia IV before motoring back to England after a summer cruising in the Mediterranean.

The Marquis de Villaverde and his very attractive wife, the daughter of General Franco, I saw leaving the Hotel de Paris in their Rolls-Royce after a stay of two weeks. Building incidentally has already commenced on the three floors which are to be added to the famous Rotonde section of this hotel, which will give them sixty-three

new luxury rooms with terraces overlooking the sea.

Several visitors to the South of France went on to Venice where the season always reaches its height in September. Unfortunately, this year quite a lot of wet days and nights rather dampened the festivities. The big balls included those given by the Conte and Contesse Brandolini, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and the Chilean Señor Artura Lopez. Among English visitors enjoying Venice were the gay and vivacious Countess Jellicoe, Mr. Frantisek and Lady Honor Svejdar, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe who was staying with Mrs. Fellowes, Viscount and Viscountess Bridport, Oonagh Lady Oranmore and Browne, Sir "Chips" Channon, Mr. Peter Coats, and Count and Countess Paul Munster. The Hon. William and Mrs. Watson-Armstrong and her son have been staying with her mother Mme. Ruegger in her villa at Capri.

Among those who have had their holidays nearer home where alas sunshine was not plentiful are the Earl and Countess of Cottenham who spent some weeks at Frinton with their family, Lord and Lady Mancroft and Lord and Lady Hawke and their family who have been

Continued overleaf



WOBURN ABBEY

LORD HUGH RUSSELL, brother of the Duke of Bedford, with his bride, Miss Rosemary Markby, are seen in the library of Woburn Abbey after their marriage at St. Mary's, Woburn

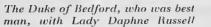
Miss Philippa Barnett, Miss Prudence Molesworth-St. Aubyn and Miss Meriel Cowen

The Marchesina Clarice de Medici was here with Mr. Adrian Farquhar











Mr. R. G. Watson listening to toasts with Mrs. D. J. Cowen



MEMORABLE ST. LEGER

THOUSANDS crowded the Doncaster course to see Ballymoss win the St. Leger. Above, the winner being led in by Mrs. J. McShain, the owner's wife



Mrs. C. Rattray and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Stourton



Miss Ancilla Comins with Mr. Fergie Sutherland



Mrs. Everard Hambro and Col. Everard Hambro with Miss Charlotte Lyon

down at Polzeath, Lord and Lady Gifford and their son who were at nearby Trebetherick where they tried out their Australian surf boards with great success, and Earl and Countess Howe, holidaymaking at Aldburgh with a big family party.

* · *

I know the modern trend for girls is, directly their season is over, to learn shorthand and typing or painting and drawing, languages, study for modelling, or the stage, in fact, something to equip them for a business career; but I still think that before they do this, every girl should learn to cook and sew and run a house, and, if possible, arrange flowers and understand décor and furnishing, as surely still the most important career in a woman's world is being an efficient wife. Every man appreciates his home comforts and his home well run.

Even if, after they are married, they are fortunate enough to have a cook, a girl is lost if she does not know how to explain a dish to her cook and how it should be prepared. Once a girl has these qualifications—then for the typewriter, the drawing-board, the lessons in

languages, modelling or acting.

So many parents ask me about after-school training for girls in this country, and what I would suggest their daughter should do after her season, that recently I took the trouble to see for myself three of the well-known after-school places which train young girls before or after their season, if they are having one. All are excellent places in their own way.

Firstly I motored down to Winkfield Place, Winkfield, which is near Windsor, and under the direction of that brilliant personality Mrs. Constance Spry and the very able and charming Miss Rosemary Hume who is in charge of the cookery. Winkfield Place, a large Georgian house with delightful grounds and lovely gardens and a swimming pool, is neither a finishing school nor a school of domestic science. It is a place where students live under reasonable supervision and take comprehensive courses of training between leaving school (usually, and much more satisfactorily, after their season), and before taking up a profession or making homes of their own. Leave of absence from Friday evening to Monday morning is granted on such weekends as parents or guardians may wish; and, Mrs. Spry told me, while they realize that some parties are part of a girl's education and



Mr. and Mrs. David Brown with Major P. Sawyer-Shaw



The Earl and Countess of Ranfurly



Major B. E. Rhodes and Mrs. H. Kiddle

readily give their consent, they are not keen on late leave during the week as they do not want the curriculum of work to be interrupted.

The main subjects at Winkfield Place are usually cookery and dressmaking. On looking at Course I, I found it had these two as the main subjects with needlework and millinery, home decoration, flower arrangement, laundry work and typing as subsidiaries to choose from. In contrast, Course II is secretarial work, with cookery, dressmaking and flower arrangement as subsidiaries. Course III is for a limited number of foreign students who wish to learn English, and they can also do secretarial work and a choice of dressmaking or cookery. The programme of work in every course is a full one, but if a girl wants to take music, riding or tennis coaching as an extra, it can be arranged.

On the day of my visit, I enjoyed an excellent lunch most beautifully cooked, garnished and dished up entirely alone by four charming and efficient students who had just got their diploma for cookery. They were Miss Felicity Scott who comes from Yorkshire, Miss Marguerite Maguire from Dublin, Miss Fleur Mein from Victoria, Australia, who was just off to join her mother in Paris, and Miss Winsome Armstrong from Natal, South Africa. When I met these girls at the end of lunch to thank them for their efforts (they had produced lunch for many besides me), I found them all looking very fresh and clean in their white chef's aprons, and most enthusiastic about all they had learnt. I then went round and found a dressmaking class in full swing, and I must say the clothes they were making were charming, varying from a gay dirndl skirt and a cotton frock to a very nearly finished long, pale blue satin evening dress made by a young French girl, who looked charming in it.

FOUND students designing pelmets, painting trays and marbleizing small tables in a class for house decor. There were classes going on in three of the big and airy kitchens (where the girls learn to cook by an Aga, gas and electricity), and I found a puree being made in one, pastry in another, and that very tricky operation, aspic being made in the correct way—with eggshells, etc.—in the third. Here I met Miss Susan Gubb from Salisbury, Rhodesia, and the charming twins Gillian and Jacqueline Timmis who were over here from their home in Kenya. Gillian, while continuing to stir the aspic over the stove, told me how much they were both enjoying their courses.

Other girls there included Miss Cecilia Thompson, Miss Nicola

Bland, Miss Joanna Thistleton-Smith who was presented last April, and Miss Christina Pretyman who is making her début next season. Another of next year's débutantes who has already taken a course here is Lady Sarah Jane Hope who has now gone on this autumn to Paris to Madame Boué. Miss Sarah Bowater, who came out this last season, is another girl who did a course at Winkfield Place beforehand.

After my tour with Miss Christine Dickie, the deputy principal, I rejoined Mrs. Spry who as well as being brilliant—having built up a flower decoration business, a flower shop and Cordon Bleu cookery school, and written numerous beautifully illustrated books on these subjects-is a very kind and lovable personality. One could feel that this atmosphere radiated through all the classes and throughout Winkfield Place. She told me she likes to feel that the girls gain confidence, live a natural English country life, and at the same time learn to become really good cooks and efficient in every way to run a home comfortably. I left here hoping that one day I might find time to take one of the short residential courses for adults which are held in January, April and during the summer holidays when the young students are away. They have two-week or four-day courses. I am sure that even in four days one would learn a great deal.

One morning I went along to Cygnets House in Queen's Gate, and

another afternoon I went down to the House of Citizenship at Hartwell, about both of which I will be writing in the issue of October 2.

In less than twenty-four hours, the glorious sunshine of the Cote d'Azur had been replaced by the grey skies and heavy rain of Doncaster on St. Leger Day. For many of us this Doncaster meeting will in future take on a very different aspect to that which it has had in the past. There has been for years not only four days racing with a programme including the last of the classics, but also the bloodstock sales, before and after racing each day. This was the last year of these sales at Doncaster, and in future they will be held by Tattersalls at Newmarket each autumn. It was perhaps a fitting ending to the sales, which have brought buyers from all over the world to bid for yearlings from the best of our studs in England and Ireland, that the first four horses in this year's St. Leger-Ballymoss, Count Harwell, Brioche and Tempest, were all sold as yearlings at Doncaster two years ago. The yearling, full sister to Ballymoss, also bred in Ireland by Mr. Richard Ball, was sold the morning after the big race and fetched 5,200 guineas, bought by Mr. Bernard van Cutsem.

The winner of the St. Leger, Ballymoss, trained in Ireland by Mr. Vincent O'Brien, is owned by Mr. John McShain of Philadelphia, who had flown over from the U.S. with his wife to see the race. There did not seem as many people racing as usual. Among the enthusiasts I saw the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the latter with a sensible blue mackintosh. She had a runner in the big race. Also the Duke and



DANCE IN THE NORTH

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL was present at the dance given by Mrs. Michael Oldfield (left) at Gateways, Harewood, for Miss Caroline Oldfield, seen (right) with Mr. G. Oliver Worsley



Mr. R. Baker-Wilbraham, Miss June Shepherd-Cross

Miss Jennifer Daw with Mr. Clive Fontwell



Mr. Patrick Doyne, Mr. William Barry, Miss Rosemary Barry, and Miss Jane Gilroy



MIDLANDS HORSE SHOW

FAMOUS riders took part in the thirteenth British Timken show at Duston, Northants. Above the Duchess of Rutland with her prizewinning palomino, Belvoir Acacia



Sir Geoffrey Barnett, Lady Barnett and Sir John Pascoe



Paul Oliver on Grey Mist won the Open Junior Jumping Competition

Duchess of Devonshire accompanied by their thirteen-year-old son, the Marquess of Hartington, and daughter Lady Emma Cavendish who already promises to be a great beauty, and Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, the latter wearing a fluffy beige beret with a raspberry-red coat. They were joined by his mother, the Dowager Viscountess Allendale and his brother the Hon. Nicholas Beaumont and his wife, to see his good horse Tenterhooks saddled for the St. Leger. The Earl of Fingall was looking at the runners, as were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Viscount Astor who had Acer running, and his brother, the Hon. Jakey Astor, M. Marcel Boussac who had flown over for the day, Mr. Stephen Vernon over from Ireland, Major Gordon Foster and his son Michael, Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, and the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite and her pretty daughter Imogen.

Doncaster is not the most comfortable of racecourses and the stands are divided into quite half a dozen sections, including the County, Astley, Reads and the Ladies' Stand, so that if your friends are not in the same one as you, the chances are that you never see them during the meeting. In the Ladies' Stand I met the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough with their youngest daughter, Lady Lily Serena Lumley, and Lord and Lady Stavordale, who were in their son-in-law and daughter, Viscount and Viscountess Galway's, party. Sir Ronald and Lady Matthews, Mr. Harold Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby over from Ireland and having a long talk on the lawn with the Countess of Sefton, were others in the Ladies Stand, also Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, who had a party of fourteen at their lovely home, Normanby Park for the meeting, Sir Rhys Llewellyn who told me he bought several yearlings at Deauville, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Col. Dick Poole and the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, staying with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Sanders. Their pretty daughter Clare, who was also racing, was lady-in-waiting to Lady Ranfurly when her husband was Governor of the Bahamas.

Also in the Ladies' Stand were Earl Cadogan, Lord Howard de Walden, Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, Miss Monica Sherriffe talking to her trainer Mr. Jeremy Tree, the Dowager Countess Fitzwilliam and her daughter Lady Helena Hilton-Green, the Earl and Countess of Feversham and their daughter, Lady Clarissa Duncombe, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, good-looking Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon and her attractive daughter Jennifer, with Miss Sonia Pilkington looking pretty in a pink suit and beret, Mrs. John Dewar, Mrs. Violet Cripps, the Hon. Lady Hardy, Col. and Mrs. George Meyrick, Col. and Mrs. Tony Cooke, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Brook, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Belmont with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hillyard, all on their way up to Scotland where Mrs. Hillyard was to launch a ship the following day.

Also racing were Col. and Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fife, Col. and Mrs. Edward Studd, and Mr. and Mrs. Simon Lycett Green with their daughter Rosie. The Paramount Chief Regent of Basutoland, Mantsebo Seeiso, was in a neighbouring stand with her suite to watch the big race.

* * *

In my recent description of the Hopkinson—Munro wedding, I referred in error to the best man Mr. Martin Cowling being engaged to Miss Morag Wyley. My sincerest apologies to both Mr. Cowling and Miss Wyley for any embarrassment or annoyance this may have caused them.



Lt.-Col. H. M. Llewellyn riding St. Teilo in the Gamblers' Stakes



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Mrs. Andreanoff and Mr. V. Andreanoff with their Miles-Whitney Straight aircraft

AERONAUTICAL PARTY

THE ROYAL AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY held its annual garden party at Wisley Airfield in Surrey. Above: Air/Cdre. and Mrs. A. E. Clouston and Miss Heather Clouston were among the guests

M. Jacques Delaunay came over from France

Mr. R. Christophersen and Mrs. Robert Adler







Desmond O'Neill
Miss Gillian Macdowall and
Mr. Michael Dible



Miss Nancy Lovell and M. Jacques Schwartz



Mr. J. S. King (pilot), Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Woolley, Mr. N. L. Lupton, Michael Woolley and Penelope Lupton



Mr. Arthur Taylor and Mrs. Taylor watching the flying display





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Queen Elizabeth; above, Isabeau, wife of Charles VI, King of France; and right, Queen Anne (of Denmark) consort of James I



QUEENS OF FASHIONS

THERE is no doubt who sets the fashion nowadays. We think at once, if anyone raises such a question, of Dior and Balenciaga and two or three other grands couturiers, mostly working in Paris, who, individually or collectively, "impose their line." What is often forgotten is that the very idea of a couturier is a comparatively modern thing. Worth was the first and the firm he founded has not yet reached its centenary, but does so next year.

Who dictated the fashion in earlier ages, for it is obvious that it has been going on for a long time?

Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we put the beginning of fashion somewhere in the second half of the fourteenth century. For a thousand years, clothes, both for men and women, had hardly changed at all. Suddenly things began to move, and from then until now it has seemed natural for fashions, especially women's fashions, to be constantly changing. How was this brought about?

The revolution—for it was a real revolution—happened in the luxurious courts of France and Burgundy. The ladies of the court began to employ the three great weapons of fashion: tight lacing, décolletage and striking head-gear, and if we have to couple the innovation with any particular name we could choose none better than Isabeau, or Isabelle, of Bavaria. She was the wife of Charles VI of France.

TSABEAU had married the French King in 1385, beginning at once the career of luxury and lavish expenditure which helped to bring the country and the monarchy to ruin. It was one succession of fêtes and masquerades, and one is tempted to think that some of the extraordinary fashions of the late fourteenth century began as part of a fancy dress ball. It certainly seemed to the moralists of the time that this new idea of fashion was an invention of the devil, and this is an opinion that most moralists-and some husbands—have clung to ever since.

Fashion was at first something that only happened at court. It filtered down slowly in less exalted circles and might not reach the poorer classes for a hundred years. So queens, crowned or uncrowned—for the king's mistresses played their part in the fashions from the times when Queens initiated feminine styles, until today when men decide

JAMES LAVER traces the evolution of women's

game-were the first dictators of fashion, though perhaps 'dictator' is rather too strong a word.

England, as usual, lagged behind, and it was not until the reign of Henry VIII that it really began to catch up. But the last Tudor, Elizabeth I, was certainly a Queen of Fashion, even if she did have to wait for such items as silk stockings to be imported from abroad. Everybody knows what she looked like, and as pictures and engravings multiplied in her reign it was not too difficult for her subjects—if they could afford it—to dress like

James I's Anne of Denmark set the fashion, too, and with the arrival of Henrietta-Maria as the wife of Charles I, French influences began to permeate English modes. Charles II's wife, Catherine of Braganza, certainly did not set the fashion for she arrived, to the amusement of the court, in a farthingale, a fashion which had been out for nearly a hundred years. One imagines this was an all-time record in dowdiness.

The Hanoverian queens were too dull to set the fashion for anybody, and the wife of the French King Louis XV was a shy and slightly dowdy person. The dominating figure was the King's mistress, the famous Madame de Pompadour who, for a whole generation, dominated the mode in France and for almost the whole of Western Europe. The royal imprint was only re-established by Marie-Antoinette, and with her we reach at last a regular system of making the Queen's dresses known outside

We even know the name of the greatest dressmaker of the period, Rose Bertin. Dressmaking was still thought of as an exclusively feminine preserve. But Rose Bertin certainly had enterprise. We must remember that the fashion plate, and still more the illustrated fashion magazine, had not yet been invented. So every year the Queen's dressmaker set out for a tour of Europe in a big coach containing a collection of dolls, each dressed in a replica of one of Marie-Antoinette's toilettes. Thus fashion was able to filter down more quickly, and when fashion plates began to be issued at the end of the eighteenth century the process was



Marie-Antoinette, ill-fated Queen of France

immensely speeded up. Fashion for the first time could be called "hot news."

For a time there was no striking influence on fashion from the courts of Europe. In such matters Queen Victoria did not even begin to compete. But the Empress Eugénie did, and she might be described as the last royal personage to have influenced the mode.

She did not invent the crinoline but she certainly gave it wider currency—in both senses. For women's skirts have never been more ample, nor their width more widely copied, than during the heyday of the Second Empire. The fabric-makers everywhere must have been in their glory.

But it was in her time that the new phenomenon—the male dressmaker—appeared. Patronized by the Princess Metternich, Worth, the young employee of Swan and Edgar, was soon dictating the fashions of the French court, and even after the fall of the Empire his reign continued. The mantle of Eugénie was assumed by the grandes cocottes and by the actresses. These were, for the next fifty years, the real Queens of Fashion and something of their influence (of the actresses at least) persists until this

What we lack in the modern world is a stage, a shop-window for fashion. Except at Ascot once a year, Society is never on parade. No battalions of open carriages, each containing a woman dressed in the height of the fashion, sweeps through the Bois de Boulogne or along the Ladies' Mile. There is no walking in the Park on Sunday after church, no strolling down Bond Street. Even in the theatre, few modern plays give opportunity for displaying the latest creations. And the cinema is no substitute, for by the time most people see a film it is at least two years old from the wardrobe point of view. So nowadays we have no Queens of Fashion in the old sense, royal or otherwise. The great couturiers decide on a new "line" and in an incredibly short space of time it has reached the multiple shops.

Queens of Fashion, like so many other royalties, are in exile. Big business has taken over the whole show.

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Eugenie, Empress of France and wife of Napoleon III

Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV



SVETLANA BERIOSOVA won great applause at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, where the Royal Ballet, which is now on a five month tour of the United States and Canada, has been playing. She is dancing in *Birthday Offering*, and *The Prince Of The Pagodas*



"I've always had the notion it leaned to the right"

Roundabout

THE BRITISH IRON OUT A SHOPPING KINK

JOHN PUDNEY, poet and novelist, contributes an amusing survey of the shopping scene in two hemispheres. He has recently published "Trespass In The Sun" (Michael Joseph, 15s.)

Having travelled much this year, I am now ready to celebrate the fact that shopping abroad ceases at long last to be a British obsession. Since the far-off thirties, this nation of shopkeepers has been painfully preoccupied when abroad with how to turn a meagre currency allowance into butter, meat and nylons; how to come back triumphantly with the trophies of another country's opulence; how to obtain overseas the unobtainable at home. Guidebooks neglected, the British have been seen all over the world greedily window-shopping the lush pleasures of other nations' false economics.

Nor did this pathetic avidity go without comment. I still wince at the smug Swedish salesman who said, "Here is the shirt you could not buy in England even if you had the coupons." There was, too, the eager smile of the hostess in Florida who murmured loudly: "I daresay the steak you're having would be an English ration for a whole week"—and myself wondering whether there was any point in adding to her satisfaction by admitting that it was a whole family's ration for a couple of weeks. Then there was the well-meaning Swiss who sighed: "We try to feed up the British a little in spite of their currency problems."

It looks now as if that's all over. A walk round Macy's or Saks in New York no longer makes one feverish with desire. Not, of course, because these delectable shops fail to run true to form. It is simply that the hysterical sense of shortage at home has gone. One notes without passion that the Americans are better at table mats and kitchen gadgets, but that shirts and ties for instance are the same but no cheaper than those one can buy within a stone's throw of New Bond Street, or that some of the children's clothes have a sort of Oklahoma freshness about them, but that by and large one might do almost as well in Oxford Street.

Quite by chance, my wife happened to be the first B.O.A.C. passenger to New York in possession of an ordinary holiday allowance payable in dollars. For a few days in New York, therefore, we were pressed to state what we were going to buy for ourselves, the family and the home. Some years ago, the answer might well have been almost anything that money could buy. This year, after a turn or two about Fifth Avenue, it was clear that the Pudney shopping list was not going to make a story for the reporters. There were cowboy boots, to be sure. There were the best hair curlers you could possibly imagine. There was an enchanting, phoney, mass-produced imitation oil lamp with a screw-in bulb which would have to be changed before this fanciful trifle could take its place as a period piece in our Sussex dining-room (where somebody eagerly tripped over the flex and broke it at once). There was nothing really substantial, edible or potable.

NE went on window-gazing in New York out of habit and because of the splendours of the windows. The old obsessions have gone. In their place a tiny voice purrs away telling one that London is a wonderful place for shops.

I could have met my Waterloo when I went on to Bermuda, where everything is quoted in dollars first and sterling as an

afterthought, and where, of course, I wasted time delightfully in Trimminghams, dodging the shopwalkers and admiring this renowned emporium which offers the best of both worlds, European and American. I came out somewhat lighter in the pocket but unconvinced that the best of both worlds, shop-wise, is to be found only among the windswept, dazzling, coral-girt attractions of Bermuda.

Then last week there was France, with the younger members of the tribe. Not so long ago, the consummation of a family holiday was a costly visit to a Prix Unic (or Unique) where almost everything was strange and desirable. This, however, I find nowadays offers no greater enchantment than a trip to the local Woolworths or Marks and Spencer. Somehow we managed to come out pocket-full and empty-handed, and could even pass that splendid charcuterie on the corner at Dinard without a qualm. The shopping abroad complex is indeed as dead as the Ministry of. . .

Food, I was going to write, but prudence caused me just in time to look up this Dodo, now partially camouflaged under

Min. of Ag.

It is not dead as you might think but divided. For example, a Meat Division in Whitehall, a Sugar Division in Soho Square. And there where English kings once hunted and vice committees now prowl is a Division for "Oils and Fats, Dried Fruits, Tea, Coffee and Cocoa and Welfare Foods." What a riot—if regulations permitted—for the annual Soho Fair. What a preamble for a poem dedicated to the good old-fashioned Nanny.

Deaking of fashion it occurs to me now that the real thing is unostentation, a dark, dreamy, plausible negative. Every articulate American I met—and I don't mean the people with press agents-seemed to be ever so slightly embarrassed or dismayed by those whopping automobiles which are now so grotesquely large and so fantastically numerous that ostentation has more or less reached the limits of human endurance. Keeping up with the Jones's can no longer be achieved by crushed strawberry or lemon pie bodywork alone or even by owning something as long as a football pitch. It can be achieved by the unostentation of buying a European model of functional appearance and resolute performance.

It becomes a daring competition in false modesty. "That A40 of mine is just a shopping runabout but you should see her mix

it out on the national highway.

"We've bought a little English Zephyr. It's really for the

daughter, of course. It's kind of cute. . .

But it's not all jam for Britain though it is a splendid opportunity for British manufacturers. Another car-proud acquaintance said, "This year we're running a very neat little Mercédès. It's such a honey to park in New York."

UNOSTENTATION in France is less fanciful and more objective. Some of the very rich have developed a deep-seated reluctance about showing it. Parisian families well-heeled enough to run largish country houses or manoirs in Brittany have slipped very quietly into small black motor cars—very fast, but also quite undistinguishable from the steeds of the petit bourgeoisie.



LORD RUSSELL in the painting by Hungarian-born Diana Csato for which he sat earlier this year. Csato has remarked that Lord Russell was the most difficult sitter he has had to paint because his conversation was so stimulating that the artist wished only to listen to him

"Partly it's taxes. Partly it's the state of the country. One simply doesn't dare to look madly prosperous," came the explanation from one who has been educating me in these matters. 'It's not only a trend in automobiles but also in dress.'

Madame has the fancy to look gorgeously like a neat selfeffacing governess. Gorgeous still, of course, because of the superb quality of her weeds. She may bring out her tiara now and again for some royal occasion but her new routine is to melt into the crowd. Whether she has barricades at the back of her

pretty head or not, nobody can tell.

Unostentation of a slightly different kind affects almost every female who considers herself to be within the age group of Mlle. Sagan. This necessitates a somewhat bedraggled boy's haircut, dark subdued clothing, either slacks or sacking, a moody, worldly-wise look, and a slightly suicidal interest in speed. All this is agreeable enough with the autumn coming on, but I dread the face of Paris it it continues into the spring.

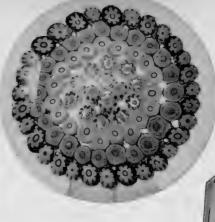


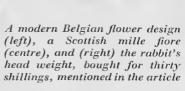




by Graham



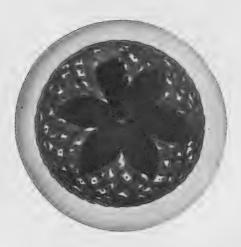






IN PURSUIT OF PAPERWEIGHTS

HENRY TEGNER, not claiming any great merit or value for his glass paperweights, writes of their persuasive charm



The weight made by Ysart and exhibited during the Festival of Britain (above), and (below) a modern Italian glass paperweight



I THINK I was first attracted towards glass paperweights when I was very young, I am certain that a cheap souvenir from some seaside place was originally responsible for my eventual addiction towards glass paperweights! I must admit right away that I own no lovely gems from the three famous French glass manufacturers of Baccarat, Clichy or St. Louis. Yet I have some modest, and fascinating pieces.

When I started collecting I made a rule I would not pay more than £5 for any one item. I have stuck to this rule. I have now accumulated nearly thirty weights, some of them old, some not, yet none are dull and a few are most attractive.

I think too many people assume that anyone who wishes to collect these objects must have plenty of money. Nothing is further from the truth, though I realize that recently a weight fetched £2,700 in a London sale room. Many a rare stamp has sold for a great deal more and yet such prices do not deter collectors.

Half the fun of the game lies in the hunt. The fact that glass paperweights have only comparatively recently become articles worth collecting is an encouragement to the keen pursuer of these trophies. They may turn up at any local sale where Victoriana is present or perhaps even in a local junk shop, although such possibilities are rapidly becoming rarer.

Farouk of Egypt was a voracious collector of glass paperweights. When the Egyptian Government decided to auction Farouk's personal effects, the so-called antique market thought that the flood of paperweights from the largest single collection on to the market would lead to a paperweight slump. This has not happened. Farouk's collection was easily absorbed by the dealers and private collectors of England, France, Italy, Germany and America.

THE collecting of glass paperweights is not a national pastime—far from it. It is, in fact, an international one. Like good quality glassware, porcelain and pottery, glass paperweights seem to have a universal appeal.

Although my own collection is extremely modest, modern to an extent, and perhaps even trivial, I am still pleased with it. It gives me endless pleasure. Unlike postage stamps which you usually have to keep in albums you can display your glass items about the house. I have five glass paperweights on my bedroom chimneypiece, two Belgians, an Italian, an old English piece and one from Scotland. Whatever their nationality most paperweights are bright, gay, pretty things which lend a touch of colour to any room.

The Scottish paperweight I saw made myself in a little glass works on the banks of the river Tay. The owner of this glass factory, Ysart, was a friend of mine. He always used to say he could not touch the work of the great French glassworkers: neither could he produce, with the materials he had available, the clear, crystal quality of the glass of Clichy, Baccarat or St. Louis.

All the same, Ysart, during his lifetime, certainly made some most attractive pieces. I believe some of Ysart's individual weights will eventually become "collector's items."

From him I obtained one of the best pieces of work he ever created. It is a clear crystal spheroid into which a delicate design of white tracery has been introduced. This piece was shown amongst the British glassware exhibits at the Festival of Britain. Over a period of years Ysart provided me with several original pieces.

Sometimes you pick up a gem, of course. That is one of the things which makes the hunt for antiques so thrilling.

One day in Elgin I found a most unusual weight. Inside a shallow glass dome a most lifelike baby rabbit's head grinned at me. For thirty shillings I acquired this treasure.

I was particularly delighted when, several months later, I was looking through some superb glass paperweights in a shop in Wigmore Street to see a replica of my rabbit's head weight: only this one instead of a rabbit had a rather poor representation of a lion's mask embedded in the glass. The price label on this piece showed fourteen guineas, and I had the collector's genuine thrill of having "beaten the gun."



Sir Leonard Ropner, Bt., and Lady Ropner, with Miss Merle Ropner, prepare to receive their guests





Mrs. Roy Smith, Miss Billinda Pharazyn and Mr. Michael FitzGerald

COMING-OUT PARTY IN YORKSHIRE

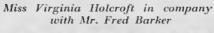
MISS MERLE ROPNER, elder daughter of Sir Leonard Ropner, Bt., and Lady Ropner, was given a coming-out party by her parents at their home Thorpe Perrow, Bedale, Yorkshire. Sir Leonard Ropner sits for the Barkstone Ash Division of the West Riding



Miss Patricia Wightman seen with Mr. Peter Rickett Mr. Richard Cornwall-Legh talking to Miss Elizabeth Eaton



Miss Katherine Worsley with Mr. Robin Fleming





Miss Karol Prior-Palmer and Mr. Ben Worthington

Miss Virginia Ropner dancing with Mr. Robert Bingley









F. J. Goodman

A FAMOUS ACTOR'S DAUGHTER AT HOME IN CANADA

MRS. ROBERT DALE-HARRIS is seen at the entrance to her charming house in Toronto; she is the daughter of the late Leslie Howard, and of Mrs. Leslie Howard, of London. Mrs. Dale-Harris, who went to Canada twelve years ago, takes a keen interest in the cultural activities of her town, is a former president of the Canadian Opera Association, and at present is writing the life story of her famous father. Mr. and Mrs. Dale-Harris have three daughters

New York Letter

TOP GEAR FOR THE FALL

LTHOUGH at the time of writing the sun still blazes from a A cloudless sky and the temperature stands solidly in the seventies, the summer is over period, as we say here.

While vacationers hurry back to town, weary Senators and Congressmen have flown from Washington where Congress finally adjourned after a stormy year in which President Eisenhower lost much of his former personal influence, and his programme was reshaped and redirected by the Democrats who control Congress, in spite of the fact that the President and

his administration are, of course, Republican.

Battles over foreign aid (slashed by the Republicans, salvaged by the Democrats); the Middle East Doctrine; the Soil Bank plan (which reduces surplus crops by paying farmers to "retire" producing land); and the cut foreign propaganda budget, which was Eisenhower's heaviest personal defeat, were all as nothing compared to the passionate battle over the Civil Rights Bill, which, among other reforms, is designed to protect the right of Negroes to vote, and to punish those who flout the desegregation orders of the U.S. Supreme Court.

Despite heavy Southern opposition the Civil Rights Bill is now law, the first major legislation in the civil rights field since the Reconstruction era after the Civil War. Americans hope that Europeans and other foreigners will remember the hundreds of cases where integration is proceedingly smoothly and without incident, and since outsiders have no direct experience of the old passions involved, they will at least recognize that the U.S. has taken a giant step forward towards clearing up one of its major social ills. Rome, after all, was not built in a day.

THE new back-to-school fashions, always pretty avant-garde, have really gone berserk this month with the sudden restoration to favour of shaggy racoon coats, hallmark of college students of the 1920s. The craze began when a bright young New Yorker (wouldn't you know?) named Sue Salzman, herself an avid twenties fan, bought fourteen battered coon coats from

a clothing dealer as a joke for friends last winter.

The proud neo-Twenties owners "talked them up" around town to such an extent that Sue was soon selling forty a week from her apartment, and was beseiged with orders from modelgirls, sports-car enthusiasts, and college boys. The big department stores then got into the act; Lord and Taylor, a leading New York store, advertised beat-up "vintage" racoons guaranteed to be in a state of "magnificent disrepair" for \$25, swiftly followed by Macy's "snobbish seediness," Peck's in Kansas City "lovely holes," and I. Magnin in San Francisco "truly down-at-the-heel." The one-time idol, Davy Crockett, is now the most unpopular character in America with the teenage set, for the simple reason that many of the old twenties coats had been carved up into Crockett coonskin caps; the mention of his name is enough to produce groans of rage from students coast-tocoast!

BROADWAY is nervously girding its loins for the fall and winter season, and nervous it may well be considering that there is no happy medium for success on the Great White Way. Every production here is either a "socco smash" or a "turkey" in the language of Variety, the trade weekly; if the latter, the wretched flop is hissed out of the theatre overnight to make way for a new contestant. New musicals, which always make a big advance stir here, include Jamaica, tipped to be the big hit of the season, which it may be since it stars the effervescent Lena Horne, and is written by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg, two of Broadway's best composers and lyricists respectively. West Side Story, a modern Romeo and Juliet musical set in New York's tough West Side, with music by Leonard Bernstein, is also netting a large advance sale. The lovers of this piece belong to rival Puerto Rican teenage street-gangs, a device that insures its topicality in view of the recent outbreaks of murderous gang warfare in New York. Finally I am glad to report that British stars are exceptionally well represented on Broadway this season.





ART CONNOISSEURS in New York will have an opportunity to see rarely shown modern paintings at the Knoedler Gallery, when a threeweek exhibition of works from the Stavros Niarchos collection is to be shown for charity. The pictures include Renoir's "Girl With A Red-plumed Hat" (above) and Toulouse-Lautree's "Cipa Godebski," portrait (below)





"CHINESE CLASSICAL THEATRE" (Drury Lane). This company, not to be confused with that which visited this country from the People's Republic, has arrived from Formosa. But its repertoire is similar. Thus it is that (extreme left) the Lady Warrior who leads her own troops to battle, vanquishing decisively the Evil General (masked), is increasingly familiar to us, while the Wicked Innkeeper (centre), Flower Scattering Angel (right) and the Monkey King (below) continue to amuse and instruct. Drawings by Glan Williams

At the Theatre

THE MIMING OF EASTERN FABLES

Anthony Cookman



It was Lady Precious Stream (a most adroit piece of Trojan horsemanship) that first introduced the fascination of the Chinese theatre. Since then a company from Peking and a variety troupe also from the People's Republic have shown us the real thing and the fascination has grown. Now comes to Drury Lane a group from Formosa offering further examples of the exotic theatricality that combines pure make-believe with gorgeous colour and astonishing cleverness.

Between the work of this company and their forerunners from Peking there is perhaps only a split-second of difference; but the split-second is not in their favour. The costumes are not less splendid, the stage movement is not less rhythmic, the plays are from the enormous repertoire of the Chinese classical theatre based either on legend or history, but we get the impression that neither in miming nor in acrobatics is anything ever done that is breath-taking in its absolute rightness. To demand perfection even in small things may seem unfair, but virtuosity, after all, is the essence of Chinese theatrical art. When a historic war horse comes to be represented by a red-tasselled whip and its groom has to celebrate the horse's renowned valour in a series of hand-leaps those acrobatics must be marvellously well done to have any meaning at all.

Another instance of what I mean is the company's rendering of the well-known mime showing a wicked innkeeper's attempt to murder the rich man lodged for the night in his inn.

When it was done here before, the macabre fun of two men slashing at each other with swords in pitch darkness was curiously heightened by the circumstance that the whole stage was flooded with brilliant light. In its present version the deadly game of blind man's buff takes place on a dimly-lit stage, a compromise which somehow takes the edge off the joke. Here the producer's lack of courage is the trouble: the two chief players show wonderful timing and much acrobatic skill. But in most of the other smaller pieces clever as is the playing, it is cleverness that gives us plenty of leisure to see how it works.

The set pieces depend for their excitement more on spectacle than on individual miming. Chinese plays may be likened rather to Western opera than to ordinary tragedies or comedies. Music, too loud and clamorous for some ears, accompanies the entire action, and the performers chant their parts in conventional tones usually in high falsetto.

parts in conventional tones, usually in high falsetto.

The most exciting is *The Lady Warrior*. It shows a fierce naval battle on the lower Yangtse and a still fiercer battle on its banks. Neither battle would have been won for the Sung Dynasty if a general's wife had not led both the fleet and the army with a doughtiness that was altogether too much even for the ferocious Tartar chieftains. This lady is admirably impersonated by one who may be an actress or may be an actor (so heavily stylized is the make-up that we can never be certain whether we are looking at a man or a woman), and the gorgeous costumes and the rhythmic movements of battle on sea and land are a continual delight to the eye.

It is perhaps another criticism of this company that the pieces they have chosen for this season in some cases involve complicated relationships which cannot be grasped without a rather more detailed knowledge of Chinese stage conventions than most of us possess.

ROBERT HELPMANN returned to the London Theatre last week in Nekrassov, by Jean-Paul Sartre, at the Royal Court Theatre. This play opened the theatrical side of the recent Edinburgh Festival. In it Mr. Helpmann plays a charming rascal who is yet disarmingly aware of his rascality. Nevertheless, he is the first to appreciate the serious consequences likely to result in all following his lead. Photograph by David Sim.





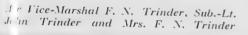
END-OF-SEASON SAILING ON THE CROUCH

THE LAST BIG SAILING EVENTS of this season took place this month, when the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, and the Crouch Yacht Club held Burnham Week, seven days' racing on the Crouch. The racing was curtailed because of the bad weather, and the very strong winds called for skill and daring from the yachtsmen taking part. Nearly three hundred craft of various sizes were entered in the various classes. Above: Mr. J. Fisk and Capt. Donald Wicks in their catamaran caught by a brisk breeze





Miss Penny Crispin and Mr. Roger Clifford unpacking the sails of their boat



Mr. John Harris and Mrs. D. Sherwood with their Merlin Rocket class craft



Mr. Martin Symons and Miss Adele Norris preparing for the afternoon's sailing



Miss Gillian Stafford helping Dr. R. J. R. Johnson adjust the stays of his Hornet

Mr. Brian Waples and Mrs. Waples who are members of the Royal Corinthian Y.C.,







ANTHONY NEWLEY (above) plays an R.A.F. cadet in the film High Flight. He turns his talents to the creation of a small-scale flying saucer. Below, Helen Cherry and Ray Milland (the cadet's Wing Commander) find this invention unnerving

At the Pictures

KING OF LAUGHTER IN THE PULPIT



MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN is of the opinion that A King In New York is a very funny film—and for the first ten minutes of it I was in complete agreement with him. The rest of the time—during which admittedly I laughed spasmodically—was mainly given over to the reflection that here, at any rate, was a unique film, a film that nobody else in the world could have made.

I do not believe that Mr. Chaplin is a Communist: he is an individualist, a sentimentalist and, in a disarmingly naïve sort of way, an idealist-all of which surely sets him well beyond the party pale. If Mr. Chaplin found Macarthyism obnoxious, why, so did a great many other people whose political views are not even faintly tinged with red-and we who, in Hitler's Germany, discovered with horror that children were being induced to inform against their elders, can only be shocked at the thought that American children have been similarly misused.

Mr. Chaplin is perfectly at liberty to denounce practices he considers deplorable—but since they are, as I agree, no laughing matter, why on earth does he do so in a film which he intends to be a very funny one? What starts off as an amiable satire on the American way of life—and it is, I must say, infinitely more goodhumoured than many that have come out of Hollywood-ends embarrassingly as a stilted sermon, preached in entirely the wrong context. This is so depressing that one tends ungratefully to forget the flashes of Mr. Chaplin's old, authentic genius which illumine the earlier part of the film and make it, after all, worth seeing.

ING SHAHDOV (Mr. Chaplin), a dethroned European monarch, arrives in New York, poses animatedly for the press photographers and, while having his fingerprints taken by a businesslike official, publicly proclaims his pleasure at being in the Land of the Free. On a trip around the city Mr. Chaplin gets in a couple of excellent digs at Hollywood films, listens thoughtfully to a song bawled by radio across a crowded street ("When I Think Of A Million Dollars, Tears Come Into My Eyes!"), is bitten on the leg by a sprawling rock 'n' roll teenager and





CHARLES CHAPLIN as King Shahdov, the monarch of A King In New York, rises to his feet to give Hamlet's soliloquy at a dinner party. His hostess, Joan Ingram, and an unscrupulous commercial television ace, Dawn Addams, watch with interest

deafened by the band in a night club where the din is so great that he is forced to order caviare and turtle soup in mime—a delicious sequence.

Robbed by his Prime Minister (Mr. Jerry Desmonde) of the Royal Treasury funds, the King is flat broke. This is made the excuse for a would-be wistful, rather blush-making scene between himself and his Queen (Miss Maxine Audley) in which he offers her a divorce and she decides to go and live in Paris: as he uses such curdling phrases as "the hapless years you spent with me," you can't blame her for leaving him.

The film is rescued from a quagmire of sticky sentimentality by the welcome appearance of delightful Miss Dawn Addams as a brisk and unscrupulous TV advertising ace. She lures the King to a dinner party which, unknown to him, is to be televised—involves him in two commercials boosting deodorants and toothpaste, and encourages him to recite "To be or not to be": he does so inaccurately but with the complacent enthusiasm of the comedian who has always burned to play Hamlet.

Through this telecast the King becomes overnight a celebrity: offers to appear on television stream in. Mr. Chaplin extracts a good deal of fun from publicising an undrinkable whisky and having his face lifted to demonstrate the rejuvenating effects of hormones—but when he meets a small boy (eleven-year-old Master Michael Chaplin) at a progressive school, one can hear Mr. Chaplin's hobby-horse champing formidably at its bit, and pretty soon it runs clean away with him.

All Mr. Chaplin's own fulminations against the restriction of the individual's liberty are put into the mouth of the boy, whose parents are being hounded by the Un-American Activities Committee for refusing to name their Communist friends. Alas for all the windy invective—it doesn't do the child a stitch of good: to save Mom and Pop from imprisonment he lets himself be persuaded to turn informer on their behalf.

Mr. Chaplin (who, in every scene with his son, glows with justifiable parental pride) comforts the little boy: "Don't worry—

everything will be all right. This is only a passing phase," he says, preparing to take the next plane back to Europe. Well, if that's so, why ruin an otherwise acceptable comedy by bringing the matter up at all?

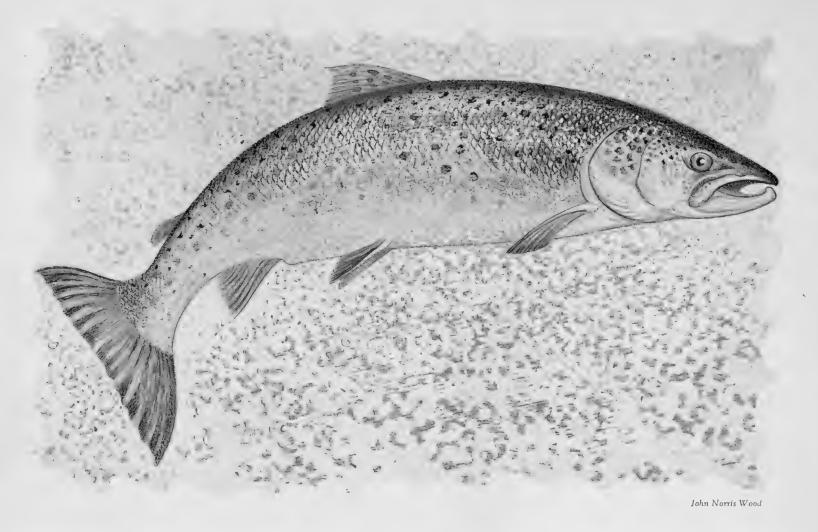
Mr. Oliver Johnston gives a beautiful performance as the King's loyal Ambassador. Mr. Chaplin is still recognizable as the greatest screen comedian (by no means the greatest screen-writer), though speech and a refined regality sit uneasily upon him. I confess I long for the bowler-hatted, baggy-trousered permanent waif who could roll us in the aisles or move us to tears without a word. Charlie, Charlie—will ye no' come back again?

An actor too long neglected by the cinema, Mr. Anthony Newley, displays a most agreeable gift for quiet comedy in High Flight—a film about the training of R.A.F. cadets at Cranwell, which will enthrall anybody who's mad about aeroplanes. Personally, I detest the things. Mr. Newley, one of the new intake, belongs strictly to the awkward squad as far as drilling is concerned but wins respect (especially mine) by inventing and building a dear little flying saucer that actually flies.

There has to be, as there always is in this kind of film, a cadet (Mr. Kenneth Haigh) who disobeys orders and gets himself into a mess. His Wing Commander, Mr. Ray Milland, finds it hard to discipline him: you see, during the war, he once disobeyed an order and inadvertently caused the death of another officer, Mr. Haigh's father—and Mr. Haigh knows this. Miss Helen Cherry, another talented artist of whom we have seen far too little recently, helps, as a friend of the Wing Commander, to smooth out the difficult situation.

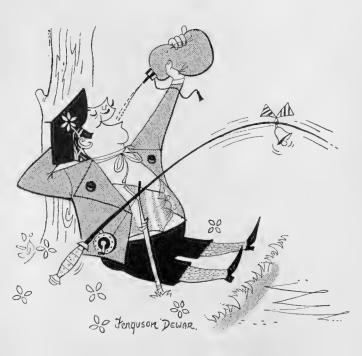
The actual training at Cranwell is extremely well handled in a documentary manner—and a glimpse of the Farnborough air show and spectacular aerobatics by R.A.F. personnel flying jet planes in alarmingly close formation at incredibly high speed provide the sort of thrills that unnerve me utterly.

-Elspeth Grant



FISHING THE WATERS OF THE GAVE D'OLORON

LOGIE describes here his pursuit of the prince of fish, the salmon, and the comradeship of the Gave d'Oloron, the Pyrenean river where great sport is found



Below the historic Château de Sauveterre, in the wide swirling waters of the Gave d'Oloron a line of fishermen sway breast high in the water as, casting their lures, they lean against the powerful current. Their heads topped with the large Bearnais beret and with brick red faces, they look like a line of Christmas toys. Spinning rods are twelve feet long and the reels large as coffee mills. These burly Bearnais from whom France recruits her rugger forwards have been casting away without result since daylight. A large driftwood fire burns ashore, for it is bitterly cold in the castle pool. Occasionally a man drops out of the line, sheds his loose American black rubber beach landing suit and, there disclosed in ordinary clothes complete with carpet slippers, warms himself at the fire. A cold wind blows from the snow covered peaks of the Pyrenees forty miles away in the blue Spanish sky.

Casually a local farmer wades into the line, calls "Bon jour" and casts. Bang, his three inch brass reflex devon is taken by a big salmon. To give the lucky newcomer a chance, part of the line makes its way to the fire to watch proceedings critically. That is a picture of the luck and way of this salmon fishing on France's most famous river, a river that now yields annually to rods and nets at Bayonne well over 20,000 salmon a year. And that from a river almost dead in 1950.

THE Gave d'Oloron, a miniature Durance, is large and powerful, flowing from the snow clad slopes of the Pyrenees some fifty miles south of Pau. It is no beginner's playground but that need deter no one. The fortunate Bearnais, and indeed people from all over Europe, have, in addition to the fishing, the hilly and wooded river valleys to enchant the eye. With a mosaic of flowering trees headed by acacia and wisteria, and a background profusely patterned with wild roses, honeysuckle and field flowers, the picture is quite arrestingly beautiful in summer.

What matter if, with good local wines, wonderful food, and vistas of absorbing beauty, the salmon should choose to be difficult and the Gave often in spate. With a car there is always the alternative of trouting in the rivers Saison and

Nive or in the mountain lakes in the high Pyrenees. Over the frontier in Spain, some two hours' run, trout are to be taken in lovely small rivers.

But let us go back to medieval Sauveterre for a drink and a laugh with La Patronne, Mme. Michiels, at the Palombe d'Or, a typical small Bearnais auberge. The Palombe is the village pub and is not dependent on tourist trade. Possessing a warm individual character here the crowd collect, hefty short necked red faced boys.

Sauveterre was originally just a very large castle perched high above a fordable bend in the Gave. The tilt yard now holds the Hostellerie du Château commanding from the terrace a superb view of the river some hundreds of feet below and the masses of the snow capped Pyrenees with sugared peaks some

ten thousand feet up in the clear blue sky.

As the castle crumbled, so the villagers built their houses from the rubble within the castle keeps. Now one passes through stone arches along winding walls to drink on balconies clinging from embrasures like eagles' eyries. The Gave, far and away down below, is here half crossed by the remains of a medieval fortified bridge from which in the Middle Ages the villagers, suspecting her of amorous intrigues, tipped their queen into the river below. Poor girl, she drifted to the side instead of speeding submerged on her way to Bayonne thus proving to her gentle serfs her marital innocence.

Later in the week a young farmer acted as my guide to the river, and jokingly pointed to where a salmon awaited me. Ironically a short time afterwards we were taken at that very spot by a fish of twenty pounds. In no time

half a dozen fishermen had collected to watch l'Anglais gaff his fish.

Owing to the size and power of the river it must be emphasized that the fishing is tough like big game fishing. What does amaze is the wonderful high level and condition of the fish. The springers start around twenty pounds. A fish caught at Le Trou de Cure, a pool west of Sauveterre, scaled forty pounds. These long pools gave wonderful fly conditions in July.

YET why worry about results, with the glistening white beauty of the mountain crests, the lush multi-coloured countryside to enchant and anticipation of gargantuan meals washed down by good local wine at one and six a bottle. What matter that your net remains empty and no fish will this week pay the bill.

For a day I left the now swollen river to lunch at a villa at Biarritz, in sight of Chiberta. The high road from Sauveterre to Bayonne is a wonderful experience. The route winds constantly climbing over the foothills of the Pyrenees. To your left is the central massif, far down to the right the plains towards Dax and

Bordeaux. We went by way of Escos, Bidach, Bardo and Briscos.

Biarritz, we think, must be hard to fault as a seaside resort. Unspoilt by building, the bay, divided in the centre by a group of rocks, is backed by pines. The hotels are unsurpassed, the sands lovely, and it is seldom too hot in the season. Golf at Chiberta can be perfect. At the end of June St. Jean de Luz has the fête of its Patron Saint. Here you can see and hear Basque singing, dancing and Grand Chistera at its best.

The Café de Paris and Sunny's Bar were all staffed by interesting people. At aperitif time little Mesdames Poissons, impeccably dressed like their famous predecessor, La Pompadour, made one think of Prês Catalan in the Bois.

What we liked best were the flowers, the sweep of the bay, the general picture

and grouping of this lovely resort.

After a splendid lunch, with wines specially chosen by our French host, we stopped at Bayonne to look at the half circle of chapels behind the high altar n the cathedral. They are very beautiful and should not be missed on any account.

DUT now we must take you to Navarrenx the heart of this fishing. Wednesday It is market day in this miniature Carcassonne, so before we go back to the iver let us return to the town of salmon, Vauban fortifications, and Louis XIV barracks. On a large publicity board at the entrance to the town is billed, 'Capitale du Saumon." Here the town proudly holds a Championat each

To us the charms of Navarrenx are its massive walls, vast Pyrenean backcloth, its market day and its position on the Gave d'Oloron. Swept by a noble river and with such magnificent views Navarrenx seems conscious of its age-long

Sitting outside the Hôtel du Commerce we watched the lively market. The barracks are now miniature Covent Gardens. Ducks, chickens and lambs all tied by the legs were lying about everywhere gaping and struggling to get back to their paddocks. Gay coloured awnings of the stalls spread under the shade of plane trees. Farmers and cattle dealers sat bargaining in the cafés at fifteen francs a glass. Luckily this agriculture is still on the ox hoof, so we were spared petrol fumes. Nostalgically we admired the pot-bellied and racy-looking pur sang" mares pulling gigs and tubs of all vintages, mostly crammed with chickens and children. Navarrenx is a centre of trotting and the breeding mares hold an honoured place on many a farm.

But this dallying will never do. It is almost midday and we return to lunch, and an afternoon up to our elbows in the wide and sparkling waters of the

Gave d'Oloron.



Oloron-Ste. Maire in the Basse Pyrenees with the river in the foreground

The Gave d'Oloron, with the Old Bridge, at Sauveterre de Bearn



TOY-MAKING AS A FINE ART

WINSOME DOUGLASS'S book, "Toys For Your Delight" (Mills & Boon, 35s.), contains a galaxy of brilliantly spangled and embroidered birds, beasts and insects, and flamboyantly garbed dolls, all of them things of beauty. Miss Douglass, whose earlier book "Discovering Embroidery" was very popular, describes how these toys are made, from the basic pattern to each embroidery stitch. The heraldic lion (right), the cockerel (below), and the elephant with howdah (bottom) are some of her creations







Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

FROM BRIGHTON TO BEAUREGARD

Her Emperor (Collins, 18s.) is the story of an Englishwoman astray. Key to the whole, a phantom château—from which, it seemed to the author, there spoke as though in appeal a long-silent voice.

A few miles from Paris there is [Mme. Maurois tells us] a mysterious region enclosed within high walls. It is the ancient seigneurial fief of Beauregard. Its woodlands occupy an area of approximately five hundred acres between La Celle-Saint-Cloud, Rocquencourt and Marly-le-Roi. What once was a splendid park is relapsing into a wilderness and within its green depths lies the spectre of a great house fallen into decay.

The domain, in the sumptuous days of the Second Empire, was the scene of a twilight: here dwelled in luxury, but alone, a royal mistress fallen from favour. The Comtesse de Beauregard was uncertain, even, of her hold on her casually granted title. The former Miss Howard had travelled far since her Brighton childhood, her rough-riding Norfolk days, her young-girlish hopes of storming the London theatre world. She it was who, backing an exiled Bonaparte princeling with her devoted love and imposing fortune, had lived to see him Emperor Napoleon III of France. And, to a degree, his triumph was of her making: there seems no doubt that the funds supplied by Miss Howard turned the tide, at a crucial point, for Louis Napoleon.

For some time after the *coup d'état*, the beautiful creature bathed in reflected glory. Not that she sought it: while the happiness lasted she was singularly uncalculating. She held her imperial lover by her serene attractiveness, her curious blend of poise and ardour, her tact in a series of situations, and her unfailing, dazzling taste in dress—but most of all, perhaps, by her depth of heart and childlike purity of motive. Her superb horsemanship, which in England had first attracted the prince's admiration, continued to delight him: the lovers rode together in the forests round Paris. Alas, in the fierce light beating upon a throne, an idyll quickly becomes a scandal. The Emperor's well-wishers and advisers besieged him with protest after protest. And the question of a dynastic marriage arose. Miss Howard was, decidedly, not a candidate.

Arguably, she would have made him a better wife than did Eugenie, upon whom the choice fell. The frigid Spanish grandee young lady, not very young and with an impossible mother, had not much—all things considered—to recommend her. Mme. Maurois, whose dislike of the Empress is candid, shows her as first calculating, then fretful: her ambitions, it seems to be now agreed, lost Napoleon III his throne and cost France the bitter defeat of 1871. An interesting implication of this book is that Miss Howard could have married the Emperor, had she played her cards better.

As it was, Miss Howard did not play her cards well—never once did she do so, from the start: and you and I like her the better for it. At sixteen, she entrusted her destiny

The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
SEPT. 25,
1957
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to a horsey cad—who, boasting theatrical connections and professing purely a platonic affection for her, promised to get her on the stage. They bolted to London together. He proved far from platonic, and she, in spite of her beauty, a pronounced Drury Lane flop. Her most nearly effective appearance was in *Macbeth*, in which, as Third Apparition, she spoke (with ironic unconsciousness of their prophecy) the Dunsinane lines. In her life at this epoch (she was eighteen) the to-be-fatal Napoleon had not yet appeared. She was, however, by this time living with the dashing, wealthy, generous Major Mountjoy Martyn. To him she bore a son (the one child she ever had) and it was with the fortune Martyn settled on her that she financed her heart's love, Louis Napoleon.

Miss Howard, owing to shyness, anxiousness or timidity, surrounded herself with a mist of ambiguities. She practically never ceased changing her name: "Howard" she adopted when she went on the stage—she had been born Haryett, of good sound tradesmen and yeomen stock. Cherished by her parents as Little Bess, she was later sometimes Elizabeth, sometimes Harriet.

Parallel with the story of our heroine, in Miss Howard And Her Emperor, runs that of the "wicked" Lord Hertford, Richard Wallace and the coming-to-being of London's Wallace Collection. Mme. Maurois has linked this on for dramatic contrast: how well throve the Lady Wallace who had been the demi-mondaine Julie Castelnau, how poorly the more naïve Elizabeth Howard . . .! The translation of this book into English is the work of Humphrey Hare. Alas, he has failed to break up the Gallic construction of the sentences, which quite often has an irritating effect. However, so great is the interest that one is carried along.

The author of City Of Spades (Macgibbon & Kee, 15s.), a racy picaresque novel, is Colin Macinness. Scene, a London as little known (to most of us) as it is uproarious—a coloured world, embracing West End and East. Through this, in an ambience of their own, speed, sidle, saunter or glide the Africans and West Indians who, since the war, have moved in with us to settle here. We have added to us a second population, dark of skin and self-named "the Spades." Us, the natives, they call "Jumbles."

Johnny Fortune, from Nigeria, is our hero. Financed by his family in Lagos, he means to study meteorology, but finds numerous rivals for his attention. He proves not the least of the headaches of Montgomery Pew—young (Jumble) official charged with the welfare of coloured students. It is not long before Pew, unstuck from his job, finds the rôle of mentor and newcomer reversed: Johnny sweeps him round a new and exotic London. Johnny's contact with the Macpherson family, to whom he bears sentimental messages from his father, results at once in hostilities and romance.

Bad Billy Whispers, earnest Karl Marx Boz and dubious Alfy Bong are among the cast, to whom are added Norbert and Moscow, dancers. In the dives, dance halls and hide-outs patronized by the throng there are also "Americans," i.e. coloured G.I.s. . . Episodes in this splendidly told story are likely to make torpid readers sit up: if some of you cannot take some of them, I can't help it. Young Johnny Fortune is a winner, from the moment of his entering grin. For Theodora Pace, B.B.C. producer of austere habit, he opens further emotional horizons. . . . Alternatively reckless and sombre, startlingly funny, City Of Spades gives out also a ring of truth.

RICHARD CHURCH, C.B.E., is seen with his wife outside their beautifully converted oast house near Cranbrook in Kent. Noted author, poet and critic, his last two books have won him important literary prizes; "The Inheritors" (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), his collected poems, won the William Foyle Poetry Prize, and his first volume of autobiography, "Over The Bridge" (Heinemann, 18s.), was awarded the "Sunday Times" Prize for Literature. A second volume of autobiography, "The Golden Sovereign" (Heinemann, 18s.), is just out



THELWELL, whose work has been much appreciated by those who hold both that noble animal, the Horse, and the tougher members of British youth in wholesome respect, has published an extremely funny collection of drawings in "Angels On Horseback—And Elsewhere" (Methuen, 15s.). The hazards of the village horse-show are summed up (above) by four-year-old Penelope Bright and her mount



Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

WITH AN INTERNATIONAL FLAVOUR

ONCE again the curtain rises on a new season of London Fashion, definitely influenced by the supreme elegance of Paris and Rome and the fashion-conscious woman quickly senses the new trend. English designers, mainly of our wholesale trade and stores, provide not one but several roads and byways in adapting and interpreting our way of life. London offers us a silhouette this autumn that gives a woman the air of a very feminine, very romantic picture. The Sack Look, so much discussed, is news—a brand-new fashion on its own (as illustrated on page 608) but the impact is by no means so powerful as recent publicity has implied. I have illustrated fashion this week as it is worn by discerning women who wish to keep a continuity of style





Michel Molinar

MERCIA'S superb columnal dress (opposite page) of turquoise ombre silk chiffon, is draped to one side and has a cloudy back floating train. The bodice is skilfully tucked and has narrow shoulder straps. Approx. 36½ gns. at Morelle, Hull; Berrys, Bournemouth

MICHAEL'S dress of goya pink poult (left above) has a wide square neck heavily embroidered in matching crystal and beads. The matching cocktail hat is by Madame Brill. The classic tailored coat in white Chinese lamb by Bradley completes the effect of oriental opulence

JULIAN ROSE'S charming evening gown in white satin (above) has a wide curving neckline embroidered in gold, and tiny half-sleeves. The skirt falls from the well-defined waistline in full, soft, unpressed pleats. The dress costs approx. 30 gns. at Harrods and Elaine of Guildford

THE VERSATILE SACK

BY DAY

DRESS with a 1920 air (below). By Jaeger, in bright tan pure mohair, it is their version of the sack-line; $16\frac{1}{2}$ gns. at their Regent Street shop shortly. The painting in the background is by Eli Montlake



BY NIGHT

ORIENTAL influence; Jean Allen's evening dress in peacock blue brocade. A Chinese coat, slashed to the round necked bodice, is worn over an ankle length tubular underskirt. Approx. 22 gns. at Fenwick's French Room





A RUSSIAN broadtail jacket vith a wide curving collar and suffs in Cerulean Emba mink right), by Molho. It is worn with a heavy-look cloche 1 black velour slotted with black satin band, by Rudolf



NATURAL ranch mink coat for the younger woman (right), from Bradley's new winter collection. It has a petal collar which turns up to encircle the face. The photographs were taken in the house of the Hon. Robert Erskine



HEAD-HUGGING bonn to (left) in black velvet, slock and suave for the evening, from Rudolf. This hat is trimmed with ostrich plunes and two diamante clips at slightly to one side the hold, giving it a special panal re



A TURBAN of soft velour, also by Rudolf. Its clochelike shape is reminiscent of the twenties, and makes a perfect foil for the slim, loosely-fitted cocktail dress. The turban forms a widows peak at the front, surmounted by a sparkling diamante clip



... and so to hats

THIS HAT by Vernier is in grey and white speckled ostrich feathers, falling to one side. The other side is embellished with a large pink satin bow. The Argenta natural grey Emba mink wrap is by Maxwell Croft



SWAN'S FEATHERS, swan's Feathers, snowy white, go to make this enchanting hat for cocktail time by Vernie (left). The two feather curl softly to frame the face, and are clasped at the crown of the head with a glittering diamante and pearl pi



A HELMET of white satin (left) by Lanvin at Pavy. Fitting close to the head like a bathing cap, is ruched to one side and decorated with a diamante clip. Mink stole by Maxwell Croft; gloves by Pittard



AN EXOTIC evening hat by Rudolf (right). A spiky aigrette in black velvet is poised on the crown of the head and wide chenillespotted veiling, scalloped edged, falls to just above the eyebrows and down either side of the face

The Marcus dresses shown in Choice for the Week, Sept. 18, are wool jersey lamé, not silk jersey as stated

Michel Molinar

AFTERNOON HOSTESS

CHOICE
FOR
THE
WEEK

 $B^{
m LACK}$, always in fashion. It is the colour favoured for this fine wool dress and jacket by Susan Small, which is perfect for all those afternoon engagements which have a tendency to prolong themselves to cocktail time, and even later. Extremely pretty in design, it has a chemise top bodice with full swirling skirt) of tiny unpressed pleats. Approx. 23½gns.; Woollands; County Clothes, Cheltenham. The black suede shoe by Holmes, £5 15s. 6d. Long white suede gloves, 4 gns., velvetcocktailcap £3 19s.6d., six row baroque pearl necklace 13 gns., pearl earclips £2 17s. 6d., diamante earrings £5 2s. 6d., and bracelet £3 5s. The brooch forms part of a necklace costing 6 gns. Accessories from Dickins and Jones.







john French

POST-HOLIDAY PLANNING

Giving the kitchen a whirl

PURSUING our scheme for lightening the depression of "holiday hangover," by improving your household amenities, we show here how to take advantage of some of the latest advances in kitchen equipment. Not all will be able to install a complete "dream kitchen" as illustrated on the opposite page, but there is no smallest aspect of the cook's milieu to which designers have not given their close and successful attention

-JEAN CLELAND



English Electric mixer complete with mincer and juicer, £28 10s. 1d. (p.t. inc.); Harrods, Selfridges and electricity centres. "Jury Jet" ware saucepans, various colours and capacities, from 1½ pts. at 30s. 9d. to 6 pts. at 44s. 5d. (p.t. inc.) Leading stores

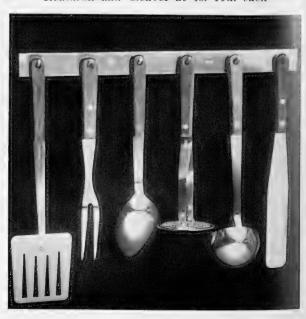




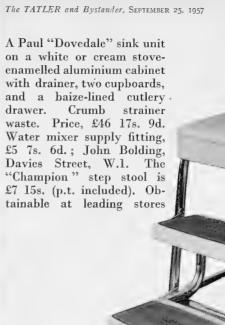
An English Electric 8.4 cu. ft. refrigerator. This fine machine and most desirable adjunct to any kitchen is priced at £144 14s. 9d. (including purchasetax) and may be obtained from Harrods, Selfridges and electricity centres throughout Great Britain

This set of Prestige kitchen implements costs £4 17s. 6d., which includes purchase tax. From most leading stores









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The "Nevastane" kitchen. From left to right: four-shelf unit, £27 16s.; Peninsula bar, £46 16s.; middle cabinet, £55 5s.; corner cabinet with revolving shelves, £49 8s. 6d.; the "Balmoral" sink unit comprising chopping boards, detergent cupboards, vegetable racks, tray storage, cutlery drawer, garbage cabinet, double sinks, complete £121 14s.; taps, £6 19s. 6d. extra. The wall units: shelves, £2 0s. 6d. each; wall cabinet with remote storage cabinet above, £77 18s. 6d.; corner cabinet, revolving interior, £61 17s. 6d.; stool, £7 17s. 6d.; Smith's ringer, 38s. 7d.; Prestige baking trays; tin, 8s. 5d.; roaster, 6s. 6d.; tart tray, 9s. 9d.; Kenwood mixer, £32 11s.; Hotpoint percolator, 8 gns.; and Prestige boiler, £5 12s. 6d. Harrods







Dennis Smith
Jewel case of washable Luxon hide
in citron. Mirror inside lid. Obtainable also in sea-fern and naturally
coloured Luxon hide. Priced at
£5 5s. from Marshall and Snelgrove



Skin deep treatment



This exquisite black fitted evening bag which is priced at £20 5s. is obtainable from Finnigans, Bond St.



"FADED. That's what it is. Old and *faded*." I thought my friend was referring to the carpet in her bedroom, and was about to suggest having it dyed, when I realized, just in time, that it was her skin that was troubling her. Looking angrily into her mirror, she lamented: "Only a few weeks ago, when we were on holiday, it was a wonderful colour; all glowing and brown, and look at it now."

Poor dear, she should know by now that sun-tan is a fleeting glory. "It comes, it goes," and alas and alack, nothing is more dreary than a complexion from which the bronze that was so beautiful has faded, and become dull and muddy. In addition to this, there is usually an after-summer dryness, with little wrinkles here and there that are very ageing. However, as I said to my friend, there is no need to be too despondent. It can all be put right with a little concentrated care.

If you can spare the time, my advice is to go to one of the well-known salons, and have a few specialized treatments. Just as the hair, about which I was writing recently, needs reconditioning after the summer, so the skin is all the better for expert attention to put it in good fettle for the autumn.

By going to a salon, you can be sure of getting exactly the right thing for your individual case. At the Delia Collins salon there are a variety of highly scientific ways of dealing with the situation, and for making skin that is looking dull and tired bloom again. The treatment prescribed for you may include radiant heat, or ultra-violet rays, and it is most likely that the final step will be a special mask.

If your neck has suffered through the heat of the sun, and is looking dry and crêpey, you could not do better than go to Helena Rubinstein's, where they specialize in treatments for this particular condition. The neck is cleansed and toned, and then massaged with a herbal preparation called "Eastern Oil." This has a wonderful effect on the skin which very quickly loses its crêpiness, and becomes firm and smooth again. If faded tan is your worry, you can get rid of this in the same salon by having Rubinstein's special bleaching treatment, which is very effective.

Elizabeth Arden also has a good process for bleaching the skin, but in this salon they find that an even greater worry with most people is the excessive dryness caused by the drawing out of natural oils by the sun. If this is neglected, it can make the skin look very lined and old. To correct it, Arden's have a special egg and oil treatment which has a double action. While the oil smoothes and softens, the egg nourishes and tightens. In itself, the treatment is very soothing and afterwards the face is cleansed, and you get a make-up that leaves you looking beautifully fresh and "new."

Nor all people can manage to get to the salons, but with the aid of preparations designed for after-summer care, they can do some very effective reconditioning at home. Guerlain specializes in products that counteract the ill effects of the sun. These are strongly recommended for "change of season" treatments. Chief among them is an "Ambrosia Emulsion." This is a skin rejuvenator which not only nourishes the tissues, but restores the natural moisture. The emulsion comes in little capsules, of which in a full sized box there are twenty-four. One should be used every night before going to bed, in the following way:—First, spray the skin all over the face with "Aromatic Lotion." Guerlain advises the spraying because, in addition to being more economical, it also gives greater stimulation. Any little plastic spray dipped into the bottle serves the purpose. Next, apply the emulsion and press it into the skin with the finger tips until it is all absorbed, and leave it to do its good work during the night. When the capsules have all been used, a good "follow up" treatment is to use Guerlain's "Super Nourishing Cream" which is moisturized and rejuvenating. If these suggestions are carried out, the dryness should be completely banished and health and beauty restored.

DINING IN

Golden goose

F you have a goose for Christmas in mind, take my advice and put the date forward to Michaelmas (this coming Sunday) because, just now and for a few weeks, it is at its very prime. Later, the flesh becomes more firm and is very much less tender.

A 9- to 10-lb. goose will serve eight people the first day. The legs, covered with goose fat, will keep for some time in the refrigerator and, later, can be incorporated in that wonderful Cassoulet Toulousaine. This is a glorious mixture of beans and meat from the Languedoc district of France and must, I think, have been the inspiration for Boston and Creole Baked Beans.

Apples and prunes are not the stuffing we generally use for goose in this country, but do try them, as in Denmark, if the usual sage and onion filling tends to be too much for the digestions of the family. They make a pleasantly sharp stuffing and the juices which trickle out into the

pan enhance the gravy with their wonderful flavour.

Peel, core and cut into eighths five to six really tart apples. Add eighteen prunes, soaked overnight, stoned and quartered. Dust the inside of the drawn bird with pepper and salt and fill it with the fruits. Cut a horizontal slit in the loose skin above the vent and draw the tail stump through it. This closes the opening effectively. Truss the bird. With a large needle, prick the surface of the breast all over, especially

near the wings and legs, so that excess fat will percolate and baste the goose and, finally, reduce the fat in the meat. Sprinkle with salt. Put the grill grid in the baking tin and place the goose on its back in it. Cook for 20 minutes (or until the breast colours nicely) in a fairly hot oven (425 deg. F. or mark 7). Now wrap the bird in large double sheets of greaseproof paper, made pliable by holding them under running water. Turn it on its side. Lower the temperature to 325 to 350 deg. F. or mark 3 to 4 and allow a further $1\frac{3}{4}$ to 2 hours' cooking, turning it on to its other side half-way through. For the last ½ to ¾ hour, remove the paper to crisp the skin.

The fat should be poured off into a bowl and kept for frying sauté potatoes and for glossing cooked green vegetables. Add to the pan up to a pint of stock from the neck meat and giblets, rub it well in to detach the residue from the pan and season to taste. Bring to the boil, then stir in a teaspoon of arrowroot blended in a tablespoon of cold water.

Almost at once, the gravy (a thin one) will be ready.

Now for the cassoulet, a simplified version. Cover 2 breakfastcups of haricot beans with cold water and leave to soak overnight. Wash, drain, again cover with fresh water and cook, without salt, for 2 hours.

Meanwhile, cut the cooked goose legs into suitable pieces and place them in a casserole, together with their fat. Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. streaky green bacon and 1 lb. shoulder of lamb in suitable pieces, too, and add them. Fry all to a pale gold. Add a tablespoon of tomato purée from a tube, a bouquet garni, freshly milled pepper and salt to taste, 2 chopped segments of garlic, the drained beans and enough of their stock to come

Cover and cook gently for 11 hours. Add a garlic sausage and cook for a further $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Cut the sausage into slices and arrange them on top of the dish. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of breadcrumbs and place in a hot oven to colour a little. Remove the bouquet garni and serve. Any left over can be re-heated next day and is even better!

—Helen Burke





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DINING OUT

Oasis in Essex

L AST week I arrived at an oasis, not on the back of a camel or in a Land-Rover, but in a small, shining motor driven by no less a personage than the eminent George Gulley.

In this fashion we arrived at the Harlow Mill Restaurant which lies back off the main road just out of Harlow en route to Bishop's Stortford. Here you are greeted with a sign which describes the establishment as "La Sanctuaire du Bien-Manger."

This indeed it proved to be, a gastronomic oasis, full of old beams, charming rooms, with a quiet river right up to its back door. All this within a mile or so of the "brave new world" of Harlow New Town, an entirely new conception of how thousands upon thousands of the citizens of England will be housed in the satellite towns of the future.

The first person we met was the director in chief, W. Bronson, which explained the reason why the Harlow Mill has achieved such a reputation for the excellence of its food and the quality of its wines. Enough to say that he was trained by and worked for many years with the great Marcel Boulestin himself and his life has always been wrapped up in a great interest and enthusiasm for the haute cuisine. He is, in fact, a master chef in his own right, which could be of great value if his chef suddenly went down with Asian flu.

R. Bronson is also a first-class script-writer in the sense that he is able to write out the plats du jour on his menus every day in the most remarkable Gothic script, which put us in the right mood for our Homard Cardinal at 12s. 6d. each (the sauce was a delight) and the Grouse Rôtie sur Canape at 17s. 6d. with which we had Salsifis à la crême, which was 2s. 6d. extra. This vegetable is much better known on the Continent than in England, where it is sometimes called the oyster plant and is excellent when properly prepared. Perhaps colleague Helen Burke will tell us some of the different ways in which this can be done.

With the lobster we had half a bottle of Krug '45 which was 27s. 6d. and just as good as we expected it to be, and with the grouse, a bottle of Pommard '47—Les Grand Epenots Bouteilles au Domaine by Louis Poirier, strongly recommended by Mr. Bronson and with good reason.

His eminence then drove me to his home (I slept most of the way, which was not only a tribute to the wine and the food but to his driving). He is obviously the squire of the village because not only does he own The House, a large garden, an orchard, but the village cricket field as well, not forgetting an excellent cellar and an amusing and well-stocked bar.

It was only a matter of moments after we had arrived that I found myself leaning on the counter having a pink gin, expertly served by my hostess.

The dinner I had at their home that night pretty well matched the lunch at Harlow. We decanted two bottles of Chateau Latour '45, and, among other delights, I shall always remember the large quantities I consumed of the most remarkable bread and butter pudding I have ever eaten.

-I. Bickerstaff





"THE PRINCE" is the newest of the baby cars from the German N.S.U. motor cycle firm. The car is rear-engined, seats four, has a speed of over 60 m.p.h. and goes up to 60 miles a gallon

Motoring

CAR PURCHASE PROBLEMS



AT MONZA, in the Italian Grand Prix, Vanwalls proved their powers when Stirling Moss (below) swept to victory. He is also seen above lying second to Behra (Maserati). Behind (Jeangle) Lewis-Evans (Vanwall) and Brooks



ow much influence car prices have upon the overall popularity of a given make is a matter on which only the most expert economists could pronounce with any certainty. Let me raise one point. A certain car may be offered at £1,000 with delivery promised in two months. Another car, comparable in power, general finish and fittings, may be offered for £1,200, delivery immediate. It is a fact of the modern world that we, the ordinary motoring public, do not know from day to day how the value of the pound will fluctuate. We read all the reports, but they are so ingeniously balanced that they leave us with no positive impression. It may then be cheaper to buy the higherpriced car and to obtain immediate delivery than to wait for the other car during a period in which values may change.

There is another aspect to this matter. It is that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and that a car which, having been decided upon, can be driven away almost immediately after payment, seems more attractive than the car for which one must

wait for dreary months.

For this and a number of other reasons, I always recommend those who are considering purchase of a new car to take into consideration the time they must wait for delivery. I go so far as to say that it is better to choose a car that may less completely fulfil their requirements if they can get it at once.

A MONG the new price alterations are some interesting figures issued by the Rootes Group for their 1958 models. They show that prices are being held in spite of inflation; in fact the cost of the special Hillman Minx Saloon has been reduced by £21. Other prices, inclusive of purchase tax, are £646 7s. for the Husky, £898 7s. for the Minx Convertible and £794 17s. for the Minx de Luxe Saloon.

Jaguars have also defined their prices. These show a total figure for the 2.4 litre Saloon of £1,495 7s. The 3.4 litre Saloon is £1,672 7s., while the Mark 8 Saloon is £1,829 17s. The extras for the Jaguar cars are, for the overdrive, £67 10s. and, for disc brakes, £36 15s. It should be added here that Dunlop disc brakes are now available on both the 3.4 and 2.4 litre models.

The Jaguar 1958 programme specifies changes, or at any rate new features, in only the 3.4 litre and the 2.4 litre Saloon models. No new model will be introduced before or at the London Motor

One other famous maker has positively stated that there will be no changes in its 1958 models. This is Bristol Cars Ltd. This company says that the 405 2-litre Saloon car will be unchanged and that two examples are to be exhibited at Earls Court. As well as the car itself, the price remains unchanged with a total of £3,586 7s. The 405 Saloon is powered by a 2-litre engine. Laycock overdrive is a standard fitting.

LITTLE of interest was revealed in the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation's statement on road casualties in 1956. A good deal of attention was directed at the figures because of the reduction in the numbers killed, but the fact is that there were a great many more brought under the heading "slightly injured." That focuses attention on the fallibility of statistical statements. Nobody in the world has, as yet, given a rational definition to indicate the difference between the seriously injured and the slightly injured. There is another factor which tends to make the reader wonder just how useful or useless these statistics may be. It is that there were two months of fuel rationing in November and December. In spite of this the overall increase in traffic was appreciable at 3 per cent.

It looks as if there has been a slight reduction in accidents to the vehicle mile over the year. If I have quibbled about the figures issued it is because they are put under headings which do not greatly help in summarizing the whole situation.

-Oliver Stewart

The R.A.C. suggests..._

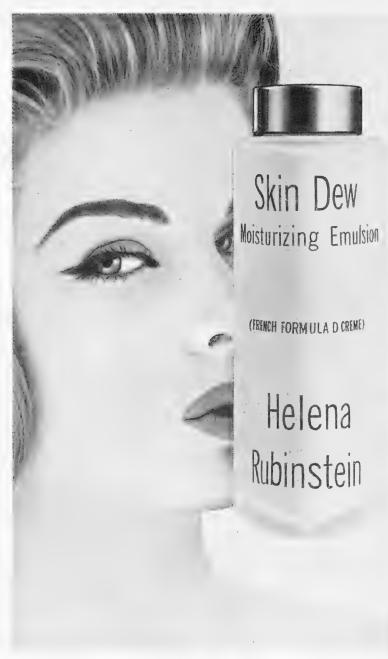
That one problem which the not-so-skilled motorist faces in doing a repair job himself is the problem of which screw came from where.

A simple solution is the use of a piece of cardboard, say the lid of a shoe box, in which the screws can be stuck in the order of their

A block of wood with panel pins will perform a similar service for nuts, which can be dropped over the pins.

The TATLER and Bystander, SEPT. 25, 1957

For sheer beauty and elegance choose this lovely Jean Allen Model, in smokey black finest Sudan Cotton Lace. Slimly cut, it shrouds the shoulders and the beauty of the fabric is complimentary to the wearer. Selling about £11, it is available in black, moss green, smoke-blue, petrol and mink.



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HOW CAN YOU keep your complexion forever fresh, forever dewy? ... with SKIN DEW, Helena Rubinstein's new, creamy moisturizing emulsion. SKIN DEW is scientifically formulated with 'ferments lactiques' to replenish vital inner moisture, maintain the healthy acid balance of the outer skin. It melts away dryness, smooths out tiny lines — protects your skin from blemishes and all impurities. Use skin DEW every day under your normal make-up or on its own as a young-skin foundation. It sinks right into your skin in seconds, leaves no sign of grease... protects and moisturizes your skin right through the day. Smooth it on, too, when you go to bed — to continue its youthifying work right round the clock. SKIN DEW guards your skin unceasingly against dryness and flaking—keeps your complexion soft and dewy the whole day through. 25/-.

Helena Rubinstein, 3 grafton street, london, W.1 · Paris · New York



Miss Verity Ann Pilkington daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Pilkington, Wardington House, Banbury, Oxfordshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Hulse, elder son of Sir Westrow Hulse, Bt., Breamore House, Hampshire, and of Mrs. P. M. Lamb, Silverstone House, Towcester, Northants

THEY ARE ENGAGED

[Continued on page 626

Miss Gillian Porch, daughter of Major E. A. R. Porch, of High Barn Farm, Haslemere, Surrey, and of Mrs. Vivian Stuart, of York, is engaged to Mr. Gordon Lawler Rushton, of Cranmer Court, Chelsea, S.W.3, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Rushton, of Warwicks



Houston Roge



Miss Harriet Trentham, only daughter of Capt. David Trentham, R.N. (Retd.), and Mrs. Trentham, of the Red House, Yateley, Camberley, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. C. L. Ackroyd, son of Sir Cuthberl Ackroyd, Bt., and Lady Ackroyd, of Bromley, Ken



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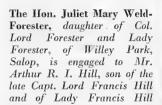
Worthy of a good deal of thought is this suit at its price.

In ribbed jersey with a beautifully cut, bat-winged sleeved jacket topping a slim skirt, which is lined. All the button holes are hand-stitched. Without doubt a suit to serve you well . . . through Autumn into Winter. The colours are Kasha, Red, Grey, Royal, Black. Sizes 36 to 42 hip. £12.7.6.

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[Continuing from page 624

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Caryl Pike, daughter of Air Marshal Sir Thomas and Lady Pike, of Montrose. Gordon Avenue, Stanmore, Middlesex, is engaged to Capt Brian Edward Watkinson of the 7th Gurkha Rifles, son of the late Mr. E. Watkinson and of Mrs. Watkinson, of Woodland Avenue, Hove

Davidson, Hawaii

Miss Susan Vaughan, eldest daughter of Brig. Hilary Vaughan, and the Hon. Mrs. Vaughan, of Nannau, Dolgelley, Merioneth, has announced her engagement to Mr. David S. Muirhead, son of Brig. J. Muirhead and Mrs. Muirhead, of Auldearn, Nairn





Agilon is a new springy nylon yarn, especially suitable for stockings. Nylons made from Agilon yarn are now coming into the shops. They are soft and snug, with a gently clinging fit.



RECENTLY MARRIED

[Continued on page 630



Dickinson—McMeekan. Lord Dickinson, of Painswick House, Gloucestershire, eldest son of the late Hon. R. S. W. Dickinson and the Hon. Mrs. Dickinson, was married at St. Mary's, Painswick, to Miss Ann McMeekan, elder daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. G. R. McMeekan, of Greenacres, Painswick, Glos

Fraser—Scott-Kerr. Mr. Charles A. Fraser, son of the Rev. and Mrs. John A. Fraser, of Mansewood, Hamilton, Lanarkshire, married Miss Ann Scott-Kerr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Scott-Kerr, Kelso, Roxburghshire, at the Church of St. Andrew, Kelso





Salter—Walker. The marriage took place at West Wickham Parish Church, Kent, of Mr. Adrian Salter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Salter, of Bickley, Kent, to Miss Patricia Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Walker, of Bronley



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Seymour—Finnis. Major Raymond Seymour, son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Reginald Seymour and of Lady Katharine Seymour, of Chichester, Sussex, married the Hon. Mrs. Mary Finnis, youngest daughter of General Lord Ismay and Lady Ismay, of Broadway, Worcs, at the Queen's Chapel, Marlborough Gate, S.W.

[Continuing from page 628

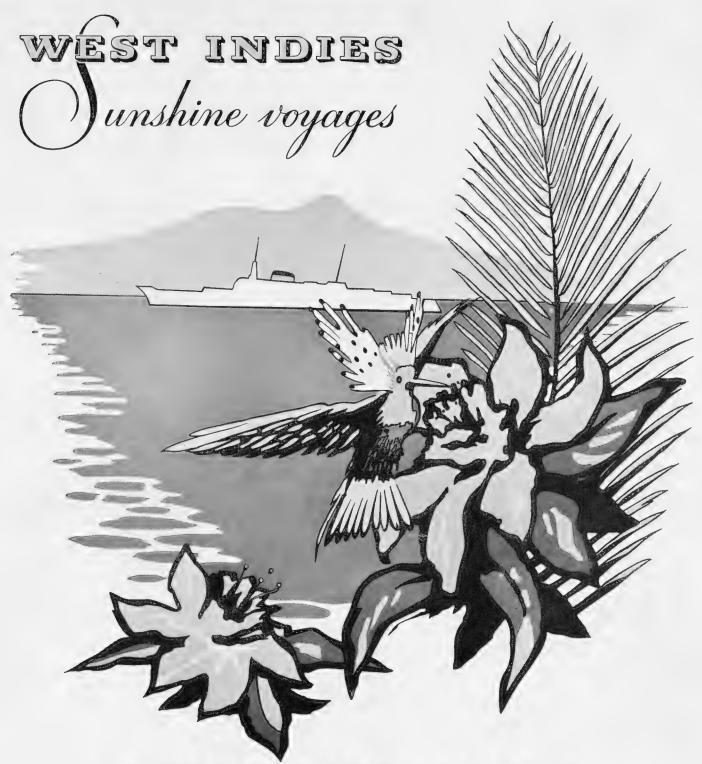
RECENTLY MARRIED

Linington—King. Mr. John Linington, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Linington, of Kingsdown, Kent, was recently married to Miss Norma King, elder daughter of Sir Norman King, K.C.M.G., and of Lady King, of Ash, near Canterbury, at the Church of St. Nicholas, Ash, Kent





Wallersten—Grimley. Lt.-Cdr. Jacques Wallersten, R.N., son of the late Major Wallersten and of Mrs. Wallersten, married Miss Patricia Myra Grimley, twin daughter of Brig. and Mrs. C. W. G. Grimley, of Linden Lodge, Sycamore Road, Farnborough, Hampshire, at St. Tarsicius' Church, Camberley, Surrey



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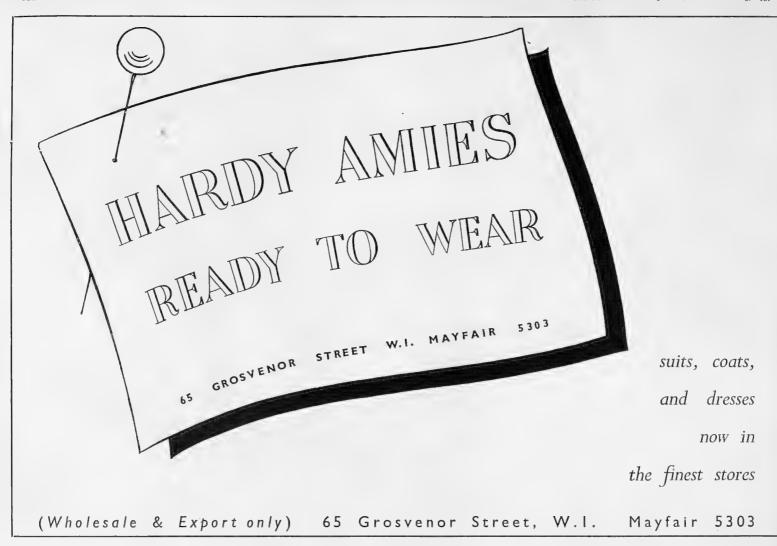
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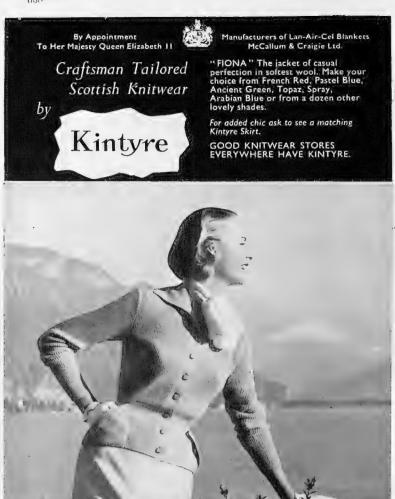
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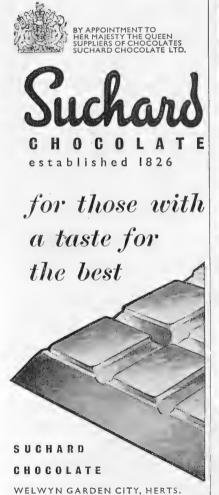






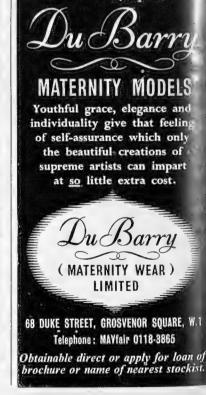
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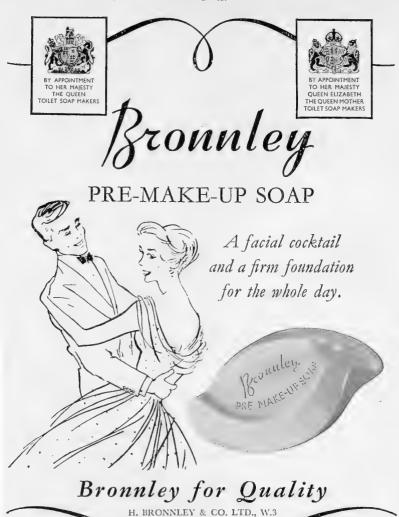




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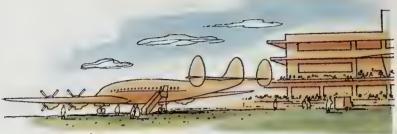


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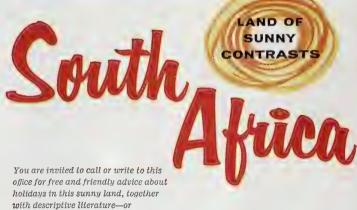
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